J Ford
1927-28

Herbert p. 57

Transition Songsters.

These were Herrick, Lovelace, Waller and Wither, - who lived in the transition period - between the end of Eliz.'s reign and the Restoration.

In their hands the song became light short, pleasant carol, often of exquisite daintiness and always combined with courtly easy and grace.

Usually the poems deal with rather trivial subjects.

eg 'Ladies of the Court.'
'Love treated lightly'
'Nature treated lightly'

But there is about them a certain haunting charm of word melody and daintiness of style, which lingers in the memory, - whilst Herrick's songs especially are quite unequalled - many have been set to music, and are real masterpieces.

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The World's Classics

XIII

ENGLISH SONGS AND BALLADS

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
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ENGLISH SONGS AND BALLADS

COMPILED BY

T. W. H. CROSLAND

NEW AND REVISED EDITION

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
HUMPHREY MILFORD

A selection of English Songs and Ballads by the late T. W. H. Crosland (1868–1924) *was first published in* '*The World's Classics*' *in* 1902, *and reprinted in* 1903, 1907, 1911, 1915, 1918, 1921, *and* 1926. *A new edition, with the text revised and additional poems inserted, was published in* 1927, *and reprinted in same year.*

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NOTE TO THE FIRST EDITION

'ENGLISH SONGS AND BALLADS' must not be regarded as 'a choice', but simply as a bringing together of poetical pieces which are, presumably, well known to the average person,—that is to say, the compiler has endeavoured to illustrate the general taste rather than his own preference.—T. W. H. C.

SONGS AND BALLADS

MY SWEET SWEETING

ANONYMOUS

Ah, my sweet sweeting!
My little pretty sweeting,
My sweeting will I love wherever I go;
She is so proper and pure,
Full steadfast, stable and demure,
There is none such, you may be sure,
As my sweet sweeting.

In all this world, as thinketh me,
Is none so pleasant to my eye,
That I am glad so oft to see,
As my sweet sweeting.

When I behold my sweeting sweet,
Her face, her hands, her minion feet,
They seem to me there is none so sweet,
As my sweet sweeting.

Above all other praise must I,
And love my pretty pigsny,
For none I find so womanly
As my sweet sweeting.

SUMMER IS A-COMING IN

ANONYMOUS (*c.* 1250)

SUMMER is a-coming in!
Loud sing cuckoo:
Groweth seed and bloweth mead,
And springeth the wood now.
Sing cuckoo, cuckoo.

pigsny] darling.

Ewe bleateth after lamb,
Loweth after calf the cow ;
Bullock starteth, buck verteth ;
Merry sing, cuckoo,
Cuckoo, cuckoo.

Well singest thou cuckoo ;
Nor cease thou never now,
Sing cuckoo now,
Sing cuckoo.

THE LOVER'S LUTE

SIR THOMAS WYATT (1503 ?–1542)

BLAME not my Lute ! for he must sound
Of this or that as liketh me ;
For lack of wit the Lute is bound
To give such tunes as pleaseth me ;
Though my songs be somewhat strange,
And speak such words as touch thy change,
Blame not my Lute !

My Lute, alas ! doth not offend,
Though that perforce he must agree
To sound such tunes as I intend
To sing to them that heareth me ;
Then though my songs be somewhat plain,
And toucheth some that use to feign,
Blame not my Lute !

My Lute and strings may not deny,
But as I strike they must obey ;
Break not them so wrongfully,
But wreak thyself some wiser way ;
And though the songs which I indite
Do quit thy change with rightful spite,
Blame not my Lute !

Spite asketh spite, and changing change,
And falsed faith must needs be known ;
The faults so great, the case so strange ;
Of right it must abroad be blown :
Then since that by thine own desert
My songs do tell how true thou art,
Blame not my Lute !

Blame but thyself that hast misdone,
And well deserved to have blame ;
Change thou thy way, so evil begone,
And then my Lute shall sound that same ;
But if till then my fingers play,
By thy desert their wonted way,
Blame not my Lute !

Farewell ! unknown ; for though thou break
My strings in spite with great disdain,
Yet have I found out for thy sake,
Strings for to string my Lute again :
And if, perchance this silly rhyme
Do make thee blush, at any time,
Blame not my Lute !

THINKING

THOMAS, LORD VAUX (1510–1556)

WHEN all is done and said,
In the end thus shall you find,
The most of all doth bathe in bliss
That hath a quiet mind :
And, clear from worldly cares,
To deem can be content
The sweetest time in all this life
In thinking to be spent.

The body subject is
To fickle Fortune's power,
And to a million of mishaps
Is casual every hour :
And Death in time doth change
It to a clod of clay ;
Whenas the mind, which is divine,
Runs never to decay.

Companion none is like
Unto the mind alone ;
For many have been harmed by speech ;
Through thinking, few or none.
Fear oftentimes restraineth words,
But makes not thoughts to cease ;
And he speaks best that hath the skill
When for to hold his peace.

Our wealth leaves us at death ;
Our kinsmen at the grave ;
But virtues of the mind unto
The heavens with us we have.
Wherefore, for virtue's sake,
I can be well content,
The sweetest time of all my life
To deem in thinking spent.

THE FALLING OUT OF FAITHFUL FRIENDS

RICHARD EDWARDES (1523 ?–1566)

IN going to my naked bed, as one that would have slept,
I heard a wife sing to her child, that long before had wept.
She sighèd sore, and sang full sweet to bring the babe to rest,
That would not cease ; but crièd still, in sucking at her breast.

She was full weary of her watch, and grievèd with her child ;
She rockèd it, and rated it, till that on her it smiled.
Then did she say, ' Now have I found this proverb true to prove,'
The falling out of faithful friends, renewing is of love.

Then took I paper, pen, and ink, this proverb for to write,
In register for to remain of such a worthy wight.
As she proceeded thus in song unto her little brat
Much matter uttered she of weight, in place whereas she sat :
And provèd plain there was no beast, ne creature bearing life
Could well be known to live in love, without discord and strife.
Then kissèd she her little babe, and sware, by God above,
The falling out of faithful friends, renewing is of love.

She said that neither king, ne prince, ne lord could live aright,
Until their puissance they did prove, their manhood, and their might,
When manhood shall be matchèd so, that fear can take no place,
Then weary works make warriors each other to embrace,
And leave their force that failèd them, which did consume the rout
That might before have lived their time, their strength and nature out :
Then did she sing, as one that thought no man could her reprove,
The falling out of faithful friends, renewing is of love.

She said she saw no fish, ne fowl, ne beast within
her haunt
That met a stranger in their kind, but could give it
a taunt.
Since flesh might not endure, but rest must wrath
succeed,
And force the fight to fall to play, in pasture where
they feed,
So noble Nature can well end the work she hath
begun ;
And bridle well that will not cease her tragedy in
some.
Thus in her song she oft rehearsed, as did her well
behove,
The falling out of faithful friends, renewing is of love.
'I marvel much, pardy,' quoth she, 'for to behold
the rout,
To see man, woman, boy, and beast, to toss the
world about ;
Some kneel, some crouch, some beck, some check,
and some can smoothly smile,
And some embrace others in arms, and there think
many a wile.
Some stand aloof at cap and knee, some humble,
and some stout,
Yet are they never friends in deed, until they once
fall out !'
Thus ended she her song, and said before she did
remove
The falling out of faithful friends, renewing is of love.

ALE

? JOHN STILL (1543–1608)

I CANNOT eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good ;
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.

Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I am nothing a-cold ;
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold ;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire ;
A little bread shall do me stead ;
Much bread I not desire.
No frost, nor snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I would ;
I am so wrapped, and thoroughly lapped
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, go bare, &c.

And Tyb my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she, till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek ;
Then doth she troll to me the bowl,
Even as a malt-worm should ;
And saith, ' Sweetheart, I took my part
Of this jolly good ale and old ! '
Back and side go bare, go bare, &c.

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do ;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to ;
And all poor souls that have scoured bowls
Or have them lustily trolled,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old.

Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold ;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

IN THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY

NICHOLAS BRETON (1545 ?–1626 ?)

In the merry month of May,
In a morn by break of day,
Forth I walked by the wood-side,
Whenas May was in his pride :
There I spièd all alone
Phillida and Corydon.
Much ado there was, God wot !
He would love and she would not
She said, Never man was true ;
He said, None was false to you.
He said, He had loved her long ;
She said, Love should have no wrong.
Corydon would kiss her then ;
She said, Maids must kiss no men
Till they did for good and all ;
Then she made the shepherd call
All the heavens to witness truth
Never loved a truer youth.
Thus with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, faith and troth,
Such as silly shepherds use
When they will not love abuse,
Love, which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded ;
And Phillida with garlands gay
Was made the Lady of the May.

FROM 'MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS'

SIR EDWARD DYER (?-1607)

My mind to me a kingdom is!
Such present joys therein I find
That it excels all other bliss
That earth affords, or grows by kind.
Though much I want which most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,
Nor force to win a victory,
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to feed a loving eye,
To none of these I yield as thrall,
For why? My mind doth serve for all.

I see how plenty suffers oft;
And hasty climbers soon do fall.
I see that those which are aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all.
They get with toil, they keep with fear;
Such cares my mind could never bear.

Content I live, this is my stay:
I seek no more than may suffice.
I press to bear no haughty sway,
Look, what I lack my mind supplies.
Lo, thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I laugh not at another's loss;
I grudge not at another's pain,
No worldly waves my mind can toss;
My state at one doth still remain.
I fear no foe, I fawn no friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

My wealth is health and perfect ease,
And conscience clear, my choice defence.
I neither seek by bribes to please,
Nor by deceit to breed offence.
Thus do I live : thus will I die.
Would all did so, as well as I !

MY TRUE LOVE

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (1554–1586)

My true love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange, one for the other given.
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss :
There never was a better bargain driven.

His heart in me, keeps me and him in one,
My heart in him, his thoughts and senses guides :
He loves my heart, for once it was his own :
I cherish his, because in me it bides.

His heart his wound received from my sight :
My heart was wounded, with his wounded heart,
For as from me, on him his hurt did light,
So still methought in me his hurt did smart :
Both equal hurt, in this change sought our bliss :
My true love hath my heart and I have his.

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT

MICHAEL DRAYTON (1563–1631)

FAIR stood the wind for France
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry ;
But putting to the main,
At Caux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnish'd in warlike sort,
Marcheth towards Agincourt
In happy hour ;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French general lay
With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
To the king sending ;
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile,
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then,
Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazèd.
Yet have we well begun,
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By fame been raisèd.

And for myself, quoth he,
This my full rest shall be,
England ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me.
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain,
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

Poictiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell,
No less our skill is,

Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat,
Lop'd the French lilies.

The Duke of York so dread,
The eager vaward led ;
With the main Henry sped
Amongst his henchmen.
Excester had the rear,
A braver man not there,
O Lord, how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen !

They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour shone,
Drum now to drum did groan,
To hear was wonder ;
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which didst the signal aim
To our hid forces ;
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Stuck the French horses,

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather.
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw
And forth their bilbows drew,
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy ;
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went,
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
His broad sword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
As to o'erwhelm it ;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruisèd his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
With his brave brother ;
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up ;
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
To England to carry ;

O when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry ?

SONG OF THE ENGLISH BOWMEN

ANONYMOUS

AGINCOURT, Agincourt !
Know ye not Agincourt,
Where English slew and hurt
All their French foemen ?
With their pikes and bills brown,
How the French were beat down,
Shot by our Bowmen ?

Agincourt, Agincourt !
Know ye not Agincourt,
Never to be forgot,
Or known to no men ?
Where English cloth-yard arrows
Killed the French like tame sparrows,
Slain by our Bowmen ?

Agincourt, Agincourt !
Know ye not Agincourt ?
English of every sort,
High men and low men,
Fought that day wondrous well,
All our old stories tell,
Thanks to our Bowmen !

Agincourt, Agincourt !
Know ye not Agincourt ?
Where our fifth Harry taught
Frenchmen to know men :
And, when the day was done,
Thousands there fell to one
Good English Bowman !

Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt?
Dear was the vict'ry bought
By fifty yeomen.
Ask any English wench,
They were worth all the French,
Rare English Bowmen!

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE (1564–1593)

COME live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, hills and fields,
Woods, or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull,
Fair linèd slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs,
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd's swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning.
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

WINTER

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564–1616)

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-who ;
Tu-whit, tu-who—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-who ;
Tu-whit, tu-who—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

INGRATITUDE

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude ;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho ! sing, heigh-ho ! unto the green holly :
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then heigh-ho ! the holly !
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot :
Though thou the waters warp,

Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

DIRGE FOR FIDELE

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task has done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages;
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke:
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither :
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

SILVIA

Who is Silvia ? what is she ?
That all our swains commend her ?
Holy, fair, and wise is she ;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair ?
For beauty lives with kindness :
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness ;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling ;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling ;
To her let us garlands bring.

SONG

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid ;
Fly away, fly away, breath ;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O ! prepare it.
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown ;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corse, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O ! where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

A SEA DIRGE

Full fathom five thy father lies ;
Of his bones are coral made :
Those are pearls that were his eyes :
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :
[*Burden* : ding-dong.
Hark ! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.

OPHELIA'S SONG

How should I your true love know
From another one ?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone ;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

White his shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded with sweet flowers ;
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

WHEN DAISIES PIED

When daisies pied and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men ; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo ;
Cuckoo, cuckoo : O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear !

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men ; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo ;
Cuckoo, cuckoo : O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear !

IT WAS A LOVER

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding :
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In the spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In the spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino ;
For love is crownèd with the prime
In the spring time, &c.

SWEET AND TWENTY

O MISTRESS mine ! where are you roaming ?
O ! stay and hear ; your true love 's coming,
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty sweeting ;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love ? 'tis not hereafter ;
Present mirth hath present laughter ;
What 's to come is still unsure :
In delay there lies no plenty ;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth 's a stuff will not endure.

MUSIC

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing :
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung ; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

THE PEDLAR

LAWN as white as driven snow ;
Cyprus black as e'er was crow ;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses ;
Masks for faces and for noses ;

Bugle-bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber ;
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears ;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel ;
What maids lack from head to heel :
Come buy of me, come ; come buy, come buy ;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry :
Come buy.

SOLDIER'S SONGS

I

And let me the canakin clink, clink ;
And let me the canakin clink :
A soldier 's a man ;
A life 's but a span ;
Why then let a soldier drink.

II

King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown ;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor lown.
He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree :
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

ARIEL

Where the bee sucks, there suck I ;
In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily :
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

SIGH NO MORE, LADIES

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever ;
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy ;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

THE SWEET O' THE YEAR

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh ! the doxy, over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year ;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh ! the sweet birds, O, how they sing !
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge ;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,
With heigh ! with heigh ! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear ?
The pale moon shines by night ;
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin bowget,
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

HARK! HARK! THE LARK!

Hark ! hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies ;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes ;
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise :
Arise, arise !

OVER HILL, OVER DALE

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moone's sphere ;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green :
The cowslips tall her pensioners be ;
In their gold coats spots you see ;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours ;
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

PUCK

Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon ;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide ;
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic ; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house :
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

LULLABY

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen ;
Newts, and blind-worms, do not wrong ;
Come not near our fairy queen.

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby ;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla, lulla, lullaby.
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh ;
So, good-night, with lullaby

Weaving spiders, come not here ;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence !
Beetles black, approach not near ;
Worm nor snail, do no offence.

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby ;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla, lulla, lullaby.
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh ;
So, good-night, with lullaby.

SONG

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head ?
How begot, how nourished ?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed ; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell :
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.
Ding, dong, bell.

SPRING

Thomas Nash (1567–1601)

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king ;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !

The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo.

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !
Spring ! the sweet Spring !

CHERRY-RIPE

THOMAS CAMPION (1567–1620)

THERE is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow ;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.
There cherries grow which none may buy
Till ' Cherry-ripe ' themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rosebuds fill'd with snow.
Yet them nor peer nor prince can buy
Till ' Cherry-ripe ' themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still,
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill
All that attempt with eye or hand
Those sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till ' Cherry-ripe ' themselves do cry.

LAURA

ROSE-CHEEKED Laura, come ;
Sing thou smoothly with thy beauty's
Silent music, either other
Sweetly gracing.

Lovely forms do flow
From consent divinely framed ;
Heaven is music, and thy beauty's
Birth is heavenly.

These dull notes we sing
Discords need for helps to grace them ;
Only beauty purely loving
Knows no discord,

But still moves delight,
Like clear springs renewed by flowing,
Ever perfect, ever in themselves eternal.

COME, CHEERFUL DAY

COME, cheerful day, part of my life, to me ;
For while thou view'st me with thy fading light,
Part of my life doth still depart with thee,
And I still onward haste to my last night.
Time's fatal wings do ever forward fly—
So every day we live, a day we die.

But, O ye nights, ordained for barren rest,
How are my days deprived of life in you,
When heavy sleep my soul hath dispossest,
By feignèd death life sweetly to renew !
Part of my life in that, you life deny :
So every day we live, a day we die.

FOLLOW THY FAIR SUN

FOLLOW thy fair sun, unhappy shadow,
Though thou be black as night
And she made all of light,
Yet follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow !

Follow her, whose light thy light depriveth,
Though here thou liv'st disgraced,
And she in heaven is placed,
Yet follow her whose light the world reviveth !

Follow those pure beams whose beauty burneth,
That so have scorchèd thee
As thou still black must be
Till her kind beams thy black to brightness turneth.

Follow her, while yet her glory shineth!
There comes a luckless night
That will dim all her light;
—And this the black unhappy shade divineth.

Follow still, since so thy fates ordainèd!
The sun must have his shade,
Till both at once do fade,—
The sun still proud, the shadow still disdainèd.

CONTENT

THOMAS DEKKER (1570–1641)

ART thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
O sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexèd?
O punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexèd
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labour bears a lovely face;
Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

Canst drink the waters of the crispèd spring?
O sweet content!
Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?
O punishment!
Then he that patiently want's burden bears,
No burden bears, but is a king, a king!
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labour bears a lovely face;
Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

TROLL THE BOWL

Cold 's the wind, and wet 's the rain,
Saint Hugh be our good speed :
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
Nor helps good hearts in need.

Troll the bowl, the jolly nut-brown bowl,
And here, kind mate, to thee :
Let 's sing a dirge for Saint Hugh's soul,
And down it merrily.

Down a down hey down a down,
Hey derry derry, down a down !
Ho, well done, to let me come !
Ring compass, gentle joy.

Troll the bowl, the nut-brown bowl,
And here, kind mate, to thee :
Let 's sing a dirge for Saint Hugh's soul,
And down it merrily.

Cold 's the wind, and wet 's the rain,
Saint Hugh be our good speed :
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
Nor helps good hearts in need.

TO CELIA

Ben Jonson (1572–1637)

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine ;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine :
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be ;
But thou thereon didst only breathe
And sent'st it back to me ;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

SONG FROM 'CYNTHIA'S REVELS'

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair
State in wonted manner keep :
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright !

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose ;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear, when day did close ;
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess excellently bright !

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal-shining quiver,
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever ;
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright !

THE SWEET NEGLECT

Still to be neat, still to be dressed,
As you were going to a feast ;
Still to be powdered, still perfumed :
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace ;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free :
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all the adulteries of art ;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

BEAUTY CLEAR AND FAIR

JOHN FLETCHER (1579–1625)

BEAUTY clear and fair,
Where the air
Rather like a perfume dwells ;
Where the violet and the rose
Their blue veins in blush disclose,
And come to honour nothing else :

Where to live near
And planted there
Is to live, and still live new ;
Where to gain a favour is
More than light, perpetual bliss—
Make me live by serving you !

Dear, again back recall
To this light,
A stranger to himself and all !
Both the wonder and the story
Shall be yours, and eke the glory ;
I am your servant, and your thrall.

LET THE BELLS RING, AND LET THE BOYS SING

LET the bells ring, and let the boys sing,
The young lasses skip and play ;
Let the cups go round, till round goes the ground,
Our learned old vicar will stay.

Let the pig turn merrily, merrily, ah !
And let the fat goose swim ;
For verily, verily, verily, ah !
Our vicar this day shall be trim.

The stewed cock shall crow, cock-a-loodle-loo,
A loud cock-a-loodle shall he crow ;
The duck and the drake shall swim in a lake
Of onions and claret below.

Our wives shall be neat, to bring in our meat ;
To thee our most noble adviser,
Our pains shall be great, and bottles shall sweat,
And we ourselves will be wiser.

We'll labour and swink, we'll kiss and we'll drink,
And tithes shall come thicker and thicker ;
We'll fall to our plough, and get children enow,
And thou shalt be learned old vicar.

WEEP NO MORE

Weep no more, nor sigh nor groan,
Sorrow calls no time that 's gone :
Violets plucked, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again.
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully ;
Fate's hid ends eyes cannot see.
Joys as wingèd dreams fly fast,
Why should sadness longer last ?
Grief is but a wound to woe ;
Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no moe.

PAN

Sing his praises that doth keep
Our flocks from harm,
Pan, the father of our sheep ;
And arm in arm
Tread we softly in a round,
Whilst the hollow neighbouring ground
Fills the music with her sound.

Pan, O great god Pan, to thee
Thus do we sing !
Thou that keep'st us chaste and free
As the young spring :
Ever be thy honour spoke,
From that place the morn is broke,
To that place day doth unyoke !

GOD LYAEUS

God Lyaeus, ever young,
Ever honour'd, ever sung,
Stain'd with blood of lusty grapes,
In a thousand lusty shapes
Dance upon the mazer's brim,
In the crimson liquor swim ;
From thy plenteous hand divine
Let a river run with wine :
God of youth, let this day here
Enter neither care nor fear.

A BATTLE-SONG

Arm, arm, arm, arm ! the scouts are all come in ;
Keep your ranks close, and now your honours win.
Behold from yonder hill the foe appears ;
Bows, bills, glaives, arrows, shields, and spears !
Like a dark wood he comes, or tempest pouring ;
O view the wings of horse the meadows scouring !
The vanguard marches bravely. Hark, the drums !
Dub, dub !

They meet, they meet, and now the battle comes :
See how the arrows fly
That darken all the sky !
Hark how the trumpets sound !
Hark how the hills rebound—
Tara, tara, tara !

Hark how the horses charge ! in, boys ! boys, in !
—Tara, tara !
The battle totters ; now the wounds begin :
O how they cry !
O how they die !
Room for the valiant Memnon, armed with thunder!
See how he breaks the ranks asunder !
They fly ! they fly ! Eumenes has the chase,
And brave Polybius makes good his place :
To the plains, to the woods,
To the rocks, to the floods,
They fly for succour. Follow, follow, follow ! Hey hey !
Hark how the soldiers hollow !

Brave Diocles is dead,
And all his soldiers fled ;
The battle 's won, and lost,
That many a life hath cost.

DIRGE

JOHN WEBSTER (1580 ?–1625 ?)

CALL for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral dole
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
And (when gay tombs are robbed) sustain no harm
But keep the wolf far thence, that 's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

THE SHROUDING

HARK ! Now everything is still,
The screech-owl and the whistler shrill
Call upon our dame aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shroud !

Much you had of land and rent ;
Your length in clay 's now competent :
A long war disturb'd your mind ;
Here your perfect peace is sign'd.
Of what is 't fools make such vain keeping ?
Sin their conception, their birth weeping,
Their life a general mist of error,
Their death a hideous storm of terror.
Strew your hair with powders sweet,
Don clean linen, bathe your feet,
And—the foul fiend more to check—
A crucifix let bless your neck ;
'Tis now full tide 'tween night and day ;
End your groan and come away.

SLEEP

FRANCIS BEAUMONT (1584–1616) AND JOHN FLETCHER (1579–1625)

COME, Sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving
Lock me in delight awhile ;
Let some pleasing dreams beguile
All my fancies ; that from thence
I may feel an influence
All my powers of care bereaving !

Though but a shadow, but a sliding,
Let me know some little joy !
We that suffer long annoy
Are contented with a thought
Through an idle fancy wrought :
O let my joys have some abiding !

SONG TO PAN

ALL ye woods and trees and bowers,
All ye virtues and ye powers
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs or brakes,

Move your feet
To our sound,
Whilst we greet
All this ground,
With his honour and his name
That defends our flocks from blame.

He is great and he is just,
He is ever good, and must
Thus be honoured. Daffadillies,
Roses, pinks, and lovèd lilies,
Let us fling,
Whilst we sing,
'Ever holy,
Ever holy,
Ever honoured, ever young!
Thus great Pan is ever sung.

ASPATIA'S SONG

Lay a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow branches bear;
Say, I died true.

My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth.
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth!

SHALL I, WASTING IN DESPAIR

George Wither (1588–1667) See Front Fly Leaf

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are?

Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be ?

Should my heart be grieved or pined
'Cause I see a woman kind ?
Or a well-disposèd nature
Joinèd with a lovely feature ?
Be she meeker, kinder than
Turtle-dove, or pelican,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be ?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love ?
Or her well-deserving, known,
Make me quite forget my own ?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may gain her name of best,
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be ?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool, and die ?
Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do
That without them dare to woo ;
And unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be ?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair :
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve :
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go ;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be ?

I LOVED A LASS, A FAIR ONE

I LOVED a lass, a fair one,
As fair as e'er was seen ;
She was indeed a rare one,
Another Sheba Queen !
But, fool as then I was,
I thought she lov'd me too :
But now, alas ! she 's left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

Her hair like gold did glister,
Each eye was like a star,
She did surpass her sister,
Which passed all others far ;
She would me honey call,
She'd, oh—she'd kiss me too :
But now, alas ! she 's left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

Many a merry meeting
My love and I have had ;
She was my only sweeting,
She made my heart full glad ;
The tears stood in her eyes
Like to the morning dew :
But now, alas ! she 's left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

Her cheeks were like the cherry,
Her skin as white as snow ;
When she was blithe and merry,
She angel-like did show ;
Her waist exceeding small,
The fives did fit her shoe :
But now, alas ! she 's left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

In summer time or winter
She had her heart's desire ;
I still did scorn to stint her
From sugar, sack, or fire ;
The world went round about,
No cares we ever knew :
But now, alas ! she 's left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

. . . . . .

To maidens' vows and swearing
Henceforth no credit give ;
You may give them the hearing,
But never them believe ;
They are as false as fair,
Unconstant, frail, untrue :
For mine, alas ! hath left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

CHRISTMAS

So now is come our joyfullest feast ;
Let every man be jolly ;
Each room with ivy-leaves is dressed,
And every post with holly.
Though some churls at our mirth repine,
Round your foreheads garlands twine,
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,
And let us all be merry !

Now all our neighbours' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas-logs are burning ;
Their ovens they with baked meat choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow lie ;
And, if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury it in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry !

Rank misers now do sparing shun ;
Their hall of music soundeth ;
And dogs thence with whole shoulders run ;
So all things there aboundeth.
The country folks themselves advance
With crowdy-muttons out of France ;
And Jack shall pipe, and Jill shall dance,
And all the town be merry !

Good farmers in the country nurse
The poor that else were undone ;
Sour landlords spend their money worse,
On lust and pride at London.
There the roysters they do play,
Drab and dice their lands away,
Which may be ours another day,
And therefore let 's be merry !

The client now his suit forbears,
The prisoner's heart is easèd ;
The debtor drinks away his cares,
And for the time is pleasèd.
Though other purses be more fat,
Why should we pine or grieve at that ?
Hang sorrow ! care will kill a cat,
And therefore let 's be merry !

Hark ! how the wags abroad do call
Each other forth to rambling ;
Anon you'll see them in the hall,
For nuts and apples scrambling.
Hark ! how the roofs with laughter sound !
Anon they'll think the house goes round,
For they the cellar's depth have found,
And there they will be merry !

The wenches with their wassail bowls
About the streets are singing ;
The boys are come to catch the owls ;
The wildmare in is bringing ;

Our kitchen-boy hath broke his box ;
And to the dealing of the ox
Our honest neighbours come by flocks,
And here they will be merry !

Now kings and queens poor sheep-cots have,
And mate with everybody ;
The honest now may play the knave,
And wise men play the noddy.
Some youths will now a-mumming go,
Some others play at Rowland-ho,
And twenty other gameboys mo,
Because they will be merry !

Then wherefore, in these merry days,
Should we, I pray, be duller ?
Ho, let us sing some roundelays
To make our mirth the fuller :
And, while we thus inspirèd sing,
Let all the streets with echoes ring ;
Woods, and hills, and everything,
Bear witness we are merry !

NIGHT-PIECE TO JULIA

ROBERT HERRICK (1591–1674)

HER eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee ;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow,
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee !

No Will-o'-the-wisp mislight thee ;
Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee :
But on, on thy way
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there 's none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber ;
What though the moon does slumber ?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear without number.

Then Julia let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me ;
And when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee.

THE MAD MAID'S SONG

Good-morrow to the day so fair,
Good-morning, sir, to you ;
Good-morrow to mine own torn hair,
Bedabbled with the dew.

Good-morning to this primrose too ;
Good-morrow to each maid ;
That will with flowers the tomb bestrew
Wherein my love is laid.

Ah, woe is me, woe, woe is me,
Alack and well-a-day !
For pity, sir, find out that bee
Which bore my love away.

I'll seek him in your bonnet brave ;
I'll seek him in your eyes ;
Nay, now I think th'ave made his grave
I' th' bed of strawberries.

I'll seek him there ; I know ere this
The cold, cold earth doth shake him ;
But I will go, or send a kiss
By you, sir, to awake him.

Pray hurt him not ; though he be dead,
He knows well who do love him,
And who with green turfs rear his head,
And who do rudely move him.

He 's soft and tender, pray take heed,
With bands of cowslips bind him,
And bring him home, but 'tis decreed
That I shall never find him.

TO BLOSSOMS

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast ?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night ?
'Tis pity nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave :
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

TO DAFFODILS

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon ;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon :
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song ;
And having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a spring ;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or any thing.
We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

THE ROCK OF RUBIES AND THE QUARRY OF PEARL

Some asked me where the rubies grew,
And nothing did I say,
But with my finger pointed to
The lips of Julia.
Some asked how pearls did grow, and where,
Then spake I to my girl,
To part her lips, and showed them there
The quarrelets of pearl.

THE ROSARY

One asked me where the roses grew,
I bade him not go seek ;
But forthwith bade my Julia shew
A bud in either cheek.

TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying :
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the Sun,
The higher he 's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he 's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer ;
But, being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while you may, go marry ;
For, having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

TWELFTH NIGHT, OR KING AND QUEEN

Now, now the mirth comes
With the cake full of plums,
Where bean 's the king of the sport here ;
Beside, we must know
The pea also
Must revel as queen in the court here.

Begin then to choose,
This night, as ye use,
Who shall for the present delight here ;
Be a king by the lot,
And who shall not
Be Twelfth-day queen for the night here.

Which known, let us make
Joy-sops with the cake ;
And let not a man then be seen here,
Who unurged will not drink,
To the base from the brink,
A health to the king and the queen here.

Next crown the bowl full
With gentle lamb's-wool ;
Add sugar, nutmeg, and ginger,
With store of ale, too ;
And thus ye must do
To make the wassail a swinger.

Give them to the king
And queen wassailing ;
And though with ale ye be wet here ;
Yet part ye from hence,
As free from offence,
As when ye innocent met here.

THE BAG OF THE BEE

About the sweet bag of a bee,
Two Cupids fell at odds ;
And whose the pretty prize should be,
They vowed to ask the gods.

Which Venus hearing, thither came,
And for their boldness stript them ;
And taking thence from each his flame,
With rods of myrtle whipt them.

Which done, to still their wanton cries,
When quiet grown she'ad seen them,
She kissed and wiped their dove-like eyes,
And gave the bag between them.

A THANKSGIVING TO GOD, FOR HIS HOUSE

Lord, Thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell ;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weatherproof ;
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry ;
Where Thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state ;
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by the poor,

Who thither come, and freely get
Good words or meat.
Like as my parlour, so my hall,
And kitchen's small;
A little buttery, and therein
A little bin,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread
Unchipt, unflead:
Some brittle sticks of thorn or brier
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confess, too, when I dine
The pulse is Thine,
And all those other bits that be
There placed by Thee;
The worts, the purslain, and the mess
Of water-cress,
Which of Thy kindness Thou hast sent:
And my content
Makes those, and my beloved beet,
To be more sweet.
'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth;
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
Spiced to the brink.
Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand
That soils my land:
And giv'st me, for my bushel sown,
Twice ten for one:
Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay
Her egg each day:
Besides my healthful ewes to bear
Me twins each year:
The while the conduits of my kine
Run cream (for wine).
All these, and better, Thou dost send
Me, to this end:

That I should render for my part
A thankful heart,
Which, fired with incense, I resign
As wholly Thine :
But the acceptance—that must be,
My Christ, by Thee.

TO PRIMROSES FILLED WITH MORNING DEW

Why do ye weep, sweet babes ? Can tears
Speak grief in you,
Who were but born
Just as the modest morn
Teemed her refreshing dew ?
Alas ! you have not known that shower
That mars a flower,
Nor felt the unkind
Breath of a blasting wind ;
Nor are ye worn with years,
Or warped, as we,
Who think it strange to see
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
To speak by tears before ye have a tongue.
Speak, whimp'ring younglings, and make known
The reason why
Ye droop and weep ;
Is it for want of sleep ?
Or childish lullaby ?
Or that ye have not seen as yet
The violet ?
Or brought a kiss
From that sweet heart to this ?
No, no, this sorrow shown
By your tears shed,
Would have this lecture read—
That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought forth.

DELIGHT IN DISORDER

A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness :
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction ;
An erring lace, which here and there
Enthralls the crimson stomacher ;
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribands to flow confusedly ;
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat ;
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility ;
Do more bewitch me, than when art
Is too precise in every part.

CHERRY RIPE

Cherry ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones—come and buy ;
If so be you ask me where
They do grow ? I answer : There,
Where my Julia's lips do smile ;
There 's the land, or cherry-isle :
Whose plantations fully show
All the year, where cherries grow.

VIRTUE

George Herbert (1593–1633)

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows you have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives ;
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

ASK ME NO MORE

THOMAS CAREW (1595 ?–1639 ?)

ASK me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose :
For in your beauties orient deep
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day :
For in pure love heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale, when May is past :
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars' light,
That downwards fall in dead of night :
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west,
The phœnix builds her spicy nest :
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

DEATH THE LEVELLER

JAMES SHIRLEY (1596–1666)

THE glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armour against fate ;
Death lays his icy hand on kings :
Sceptre and Crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crookèd scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill :
But their strong nerves at last must yield ;
They tame but one another still :
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds :
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb ;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

MY LADY GREENSLEEVES

ANONYMOUS

ALAS ! my love, you do me wrong
To cast me off discourteously ;
And I have lovèd you so long,
Delighting in your company.

Greensleeves was all my joy !
Greensleeves was my delight !
Greensleeves was my heart of gold !
And who but Lady Greensleeves !

I bought thee petticoats of the best,
The cloth so fine as fine as might be ;
I gave thee jewels for thy chest,
And all this cost I spent on thee.
Greensleeves, &c.

Thy smock of silk, both fair and white,
With gold embroidered gorgeously ;
Thy petticoat of sendal right :
And these I bought thee gladly.
Greensleeves, &c.

Thy gown was of the grassy green,
The sleeves of satin hanging by ;
Which made thee be our harvest queen :
And yet thou wouldest not love me !
Greensleeves, &c.

Greensleeves now farewell ! adieu !
God I pray to prosper thee !
For I am still thy lover true :
Come once again and love me !
Greensleeves was all my joy !
Greensleeves was my delight !
Greensleeves was my heart of gold !
And who but Lady Greensleeves !

YE LITTLE BIRDS THAT SIT AND SING

THOMAS HEYWOOD (d. 1650)

Ye little birds that sit and sing
Amidst the shady valleys,
And see how Phyllis sweetly walks
Within her garden-alleys ;

Go, pretty birds, about her bower ;
Sing, pretty birds, she may not lower ;
Ah me ! methinks I see her frown !
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go tell her through your chirping bills,
As you by me are bidden,
To her is only known my love,
Which from the world is hidden.
Go, pretty birds, and tell her so,
See that your notes strain not too low,
For still methinks I see her frown ;
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go tune your voices' harmony
And sing, I am her lover ;
Strain loud and sweet, that every note
With sweet content may move her :
And she that hath the sweetest voice,
Tell her I will not change my choice :
—Yet still methinks I see her frown !
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

O fly ! make haste ! see, see, she falls
Into a pretty slumber !
Sing round about her rosy bed,
That waking she may wonder :
Say to her, 'tis her lover true
That sendeth love to you, to you !
And when you hear her kind reply,
Return with pleasant warblings.

PACK, CLOUDS, AWAY

Pack, clouds, away, and welcome, day !
With night we banish sorrow ;
Sweet air, blow soft ; mount, larks, aloft,
To give my Love good-morrow !
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow ;

Bird, prune thy wing ! nightingale, sing !
To give my Love good-morrow !
To give my Love good-morrow
Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, Robin red-breast !
Sing, birds, in every furrow !
And from each bill let music shrill
Give my fair Love good-morrow !
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cocksparrow ;
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves
Sing my fair Love good-morrow !
To give my Love good-morrow
Sing, birds, in every furrow !

THERE IS A LADY SWEET AND KIND

ANONYMOUS

THERE is a Lady sweet and kind,
Was never face so pleased my mind ;
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die.

Her gesture, motion, and her smiles,
Her wit, her voice my heart beguiles,
Beguiles my heart, I know not why,
And yet I love her till I die.

Cupid is wingèd and doth range,
Her country so my love doth change :
But change she earth, or change she sky,
Yet will I love her till I die.

THE WEAVER'S SONG

WHEN Hercules did use to spin,
And Pallas wrought upon the loom,
Our trade to flourish did begin,
While conscience went not selling broom ;
Then love and friendship did agree
To keep the bands of amity.

When princes' sons kept sheep in field,
And queens made cakes of wheaten flour,
The men to lucre did not yield,
Which brought good cheer in every bower ;
Then love and friendship, &c.

But when the Giants huge and high,
Did fight with spears like weavers' beams,
Then they in iron beds did lie,
And brought poor men to hard extreme ;
Yet love and friendship, &c.

Then David took his sling and stone,
Not fearing great Goliah's strength,
He pierced his brains, and broke the bone,
Though he were fifty foot of length ;
For love and friendship, &c.

But while the Greeks besiegèd Troy,
Penelope apace did spin ;
And weavers wrought with mickle joy,
Though little gains were coming in ;
For love and friendship, &c.

Had Helen then sate carding wool,
(Whose beauteous face did breed such strife),
She had not been Sir Paris' trull,
Nor caused so many to lose their life ;
Yet we by love did still agree
To hold the bands of amity.

Or had King Priam's wanton son
Been making quills with sweet content,
He had not then his friends undone,
When he to Greece a-gadding went ;
For love and friendship, &c.

The cedar-trees endure more storms
Than little shrubs that sprout on high ;
The weavers live more void of harms
Than princes of great dignity ;
While love and friendship doth agree, &c.

The shepherd sitting in the field
Doth tune his pipe with heart's delight ;
When princes watch with spear and shield,
The poor man soundly sleeps all night ;
While love and friendship doth agree, &c.

Yet this by proof is daily tried,
For God's good gifts we are ingrate,
And no man through the world so wide
Lives well contented with his state ;
No love and friendship we can see
To hold the bands of amity.

THE HONEST FELLOW

Hang fear, cast away care,
The parish is bound to find us,
Thou and I, and all must die,
And leave this world behind us.

The bells shall ring, the clerk shall sing,
And the good old wife shall wind us ;
And the sexton shall lay our bodies in the clay,
Where nobody shall find us.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW

From Oberon, in fairy land,
The king of ghosts and shadows there,
Mad Robin I, at his command,
Am sent to view the night-sports here.
What revel rout
Is kept about,
In every corner where I go,
I will o'ersee,
And merry be,
And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho !

More swift than lightning can I fly
And round this airy welkin soon,
And, in a minute's space, descry
Each thing that 's done below the moon.
There 's not a hag
Or ghost shall wag,
Nor cry, Goblin ! where I do go ;
But Robin I
Their feats will spy,
And fear them home with ho, ho, ho !

If any wanderers I meet,
That from their night-sports do trudge hom
With counterfeiting voice I greet,
And cause them on with me to roam :
Through woods, through lakes ;
Through bogs, through brakes,
Or bush and brier, with them I go,
I call upon
Them to come on.
And wend me laughing, ho, ho, ho !

Sometimes I meet them like a man,
Sometimes an ox, sometimes a hound ;
And to a horse I turn me can,
To trip and trot about them round.
But if to ride
My back they stride,
More swift than wind away I go,
O'er hedge and lands,
Through pools and ponds,
I whirry, laughing, ho, ho, ho !

When lads and lasses merry be,
With possets and with junkets fine ;
Unseen of all the company,
I eat their cates and sip their wine !
And, to make sport,
I start and snort :

And out the candles I do blow :
The maids I kiss,
They shriek—Who 's this ?
I answer nought but ho, ho, ho !

Yet now and then, the maids to please,
I card at midnight up their wool ;
And, while they sleep and take their ease,
With wheel to threads their flax I pull.
I grind at mill
Their malt up still ;
I dress their hemp ; I spin their tow ;
If any wake,
And would me take,
I wend me laughing, ho, ho, ho !

. . . . . .

When any need to borrow aught,
We lend them what they do require :
And for the use demand we nought ;
Our own is all we do desire.
If to repay
They do delay,
Abroad amongst them then I go.
And night by night,
I them affright,
With pinchings, dreams, and ho, ho, ho !

When lazy queans have nought to do,
But study how to cog and lie :
To make debate and mischief too,
'Twixt one another secretly :
I mark their gloze,
And do disclose
To them that they had wrongèd so .
When I have done,
I get me gone,
And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho !

When men do traps and engines set
In loop-holes, where the vermin creep,
Who from their folds and houses fet
Their ducks and geese, and lambs and sheep
I spy the gin,
And enter in,
And seem a vermin taken so ;
But when they there
Approach me near,
I leap out laughing, ho, ho, ho !

By wells and gills, in meadows green,
We nightly dance our heyday guise ;
And to our fairy king and queen,
We chant our moonlight harmonies.
When larks 'gin sing,
Away we fling ;
And babes new-born steal as we go ;
And elf in bed
We leave in stead,
And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho !

From hag-bred Merlin's time, have I
Thus nightly revelled to and fro ;
And for my pranks men call me by
The name of Robin Good-fellow.
Fiends, ghosts, and sprites,
That haunt the nights,
The hags and goblins do me know ;
And beldames old
My feats have told,
So *Vale*, *Vale* ; ho, ho, ho !

THE SPANISH ARMADO

Some years of late, in eighty-eight,
As I do well remember,
It was, some say, the middle of May,
And some say in September,
And some say in September.

The Spanish train launch'd forth amain,
With many a fine bravado,
Their (as they thought, but it prov'd not)
Invincible Armado,
Invincible Armado.

There was a man that dwelt in Spain
Who shot well with a gun a,
Don Pedro hight, as black a wight
As the Knight of the Sun a,
As the Knight of the Sun a.

King Philip made him Admiral,
And bid him not to stay a,
But to destroy both man and boy
And so to come away a,
And so to come away a.

Their navy was well victualled
With biscuit, pease, and bacon,
They brought two ships, well fraught with whips,
But I think they were mistaken,
But I think they were mistaken.

Their men were young, munition strong,
And to do us more harm a,
They thought it meet to join their fleet
All with the Prince of Parma,
All with the Prince of Parma.

They coasted round about our land,
And so came in by Dover :
But we had men set on 'em then,
And threw the rascals over,
And threw the rascals over.

The Queen was then at Tilbury,
What could we more desire a ?
Sir Francis Drake for her sweet sake
Did set them all on fire a,
Did set them all on fire a.

Then straight they fled by sea and land,
That one man kill'd threescore a,
And had not they all run away,
In truth he had kill'd more a,
In truth he had kill'd more a.

Then let them neither bray nor boast,
But if they come again a,
Let them take heed they do not speed
As they did you know when a,
As they did you know when a.

SIR PATRICK SPENS

THE king sits in Dunfermline toun,
Drinking the blude-red wine ;
'Oh whare will I get gude sailor,
To sail this ship o' mine ? '

Up and spake an eldern knight
Sat at the king's right knee ;
'Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor,
That ever sail'd the sea.'

The king has written a braid letter,
And sign'd it wi' his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

'To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem ;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis thou maun bring her hame.'

The first line that Sir Patrick read,
A loud laugh laughèd he ;
The neist line that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his ee.

'O wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the king o' me,
To send us out at this time o' the year,
To sail upon the sea ?'

'Be't wind, be it weet, be't hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem ;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis we must fetch her hame.'

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn,
Wi' a' the speed they may ;
And they hae landed in Noroway,
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week,
In Noroway, but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway
Began aloud to say,

'Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's goud,
And a' our queenis fee !'
'Ye lee, ye lee, ye liars loud !
Fu' loud I hear ye lie !

'For I brought as much white monie,
As gane my men and me,
And I brought a half-fou o' gude red goud,
Out o'er the sea wi' me.

'Make ready, make ready, my merrymen a' !
Our gude ship sails the morn.'
'Now, ever alake, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm !

'I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm ;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm !'

They hadna sail'd a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the topmasts lap,
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves came o'er the broken ship,
Till a' her sides were torn.

'O where will I get a gude sailor,
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall topmast,
To see if I can spy land?'

'O here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall topmast,
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land.'

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step but barely ane,
When a bout flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it came in.

'Gae, fetch a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
And let na the sea come in.'

They fetch'd a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And they wapp'd them round the gude ship's side
But still the sea came in.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cork-heeled shoon!
But lang or a' the play was play'd,
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather-bed
That flattered on the faem ;
And mony was the gude lord's sons
That never mair cam hame.

The ladyes wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair,
A' for the sake of their true loues ;
For them they'll see na mair.

O lang, lang may the ladyes sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand !

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
Wi' the goud kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves !
For them they'll see nae mair.

O forty miles off Aberdeen,
'Tis fifty fathom deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE PINDER OF WAKEFIELD

In Wakefield there lives a jolly pinder,
In Wakefield, all on a green ;

'There is neither knight nor squire,' said the pinder,
' Nor baron that is so bold,
Dare make a trespass to the town of Wakefield,
But his pledge goes to the pinfold.'

All this beheard three witty young men,
'Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John ;
With that they spied the jolly pinder,
As he sat under a thorn.

'Now turn again, turn again,' said the pinder,
'For a wrong way have you gone;
For you have forsaken the king his highway,
And made a path over the corn.'

'O that were great shame,' said jolly Robin,
'We being three, and thou but one':
The pinder leapt back then thirty good foot,
'Twas thirty good foot and one.

He leaned his back fast unto a thorn,
And his foot unto a stone,
And there he fought a long summer's day,
A summer's day so long,
Till that their swords, on their broad bucklers,
Were broken fast unto their hands.

. . . . . .

'Hold thy hand, hold thy hand,' said Robin Hood,
'And my merry men every one;
For this is one of the best pinders
That ever I tried with sword.

'And wilt thou forsake thy pinder his craft,
And live in the green wood with me?'

. . . . . .

'At Michaelmas next my covenant comes out,
When every man gathers his fee;
I'll take my blue blade all in my hand,
And plod to the green wood with thee.'

'Hast thou either meat or drink,' said Robin Hood
'For my merry men and me?'

. . . . . .

'I have both bread and beef,' said the pinder,
'And good ale of the best';
'And that is meat good enough,' said Robin Hood
'For such unbidden guest.

'O wilt thou forsake the pinder his craft
And go to the green wood with me?
Thou shalt have a livery twice in the year,
The one green, the other brown shall be.'

'If Michaelmas day were once come and gone,
And my master had paid me my fee,
Then would I set as little by him
As my master doth set by me.'

THE NUT-BROWN MAID

He. *Be it right or wrong, these men among*
On women do complain;
Affirming this, how that it is
A labour spent in vain
To love them well; for never a deal
They love a man again,
For let a man do what he can
Their favour to attain,
Yet if a new to them pursue,
Their first true lover then
Laboureth for nought, for from their thought
He is a banished man.

She. *I say not nay, but that all day*
It is both writ and said
That woman's faith is, as who saith,
All utterly decayed:
But nevertheless, right good witnèss
In this case might be laid,
That they love true, and continùe,—
Record the Nut-brown Maid;
Which from her love, when her to prove,
He came to make his moan,
Would not depart, for in her heart
She loved but him alone.

He. *Then between us let us discuss*
What was all the manner
Between them two : we will also
Tell all the pain and fear,
That she was in ; now I begin,
So that ye me answèr :
Wherefore all ye that present be,
I pray you give an ear.
I am the knight, I come by night,
As secret as I can,
Saying, Alas ! thus standeth the case,
I am a banished man !

She. *And I your will for to fulfil*
In this will not refuse,
Trusting to show, in wordes few,
That men have an ill use,
To their own shame, women to blame,
And causeless them accuse :
Therefore to you I answer now,
All women to excuse,
Mine own heart dear, with you what cheer
I pray you tell anon :
For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. It standeth so : a deed is done
Whereof much harm shall grow.
My destiny is for to die
A shameful death, I trow,
Or else to flee,—the one must be :
None other way I know,
But to withdraw as an outlàw,
And take me to my bow.
Wherefore, adieu, my own heart true,
None other rede I can ;
For I must to the green-wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. O Lord, what is this worldis bliss,
That changeth as the moon !
My summer's day in lusty May
Is derked before the noon.
I hear you say, farewell : Nay, nay,
We dèpart not so soon.
Why say ye so ? whither will ye go ?
Alas ! what have ye done ?
All my welfàre to sorrow and care
Should change, if you were gone :
For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. I can believe it shall you grieve,
And somewhat you distrain ;
But afterward your paines hard
Within a day or twain
Shall soon aslake, and ye shall take
Comfort to you again.
Why should ye nought ? for, to make thought,
Your labour were in vain,
And thus I do, and pray you, too,
As heartily as I can :
For I must to the green-wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. Now sith that ye have showed to me
The secret of your mind,
I shall be plain to you again,
Like as ye shall me find :
Sith it is so that ye will go,
I will not live behind ;
Shall never be said the Nut-brown Maid
Was to her love unkind.
Make you ready, for so am I,
Although it were anon ;
For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. Yet I you rede to take good heed
What men will think and say ;
Of young and old it shall be told,
That ye be gone away
Your wanton will for to fulfil,
In green-wood you to play ;
And that ye might from your delight
No longer make delay.
Rather than ye should thus for me
Be called an ill womàn
Yet would I to the green-wood go
Alone, a banished man.

She. Though it be sung of old and young
That I should be to blame,
Theirs be the charge that speak so large
In hurting of my name.
For I will prove that faithful love
It is devoid of shame,
In your distress and heaviness
To part with you the same ;
And sure all those that do not so,
True lovers are they none ;
But in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. I counsel you remember how
It is no maiden's law,
Nothing to doubt, but to run out
To wood with an outlàw.
For ye must there in your hand bear
A bow ready to draw,
And as a thief thus must ye live,
Ever in dread and awe ;
By which to you great harm might grow ;—
Yet had I liever then
That I had to the green-wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. I think not nay, but as ye say,
It is no maiden's lore ;
But love may make me for your sake,
As ye have said before,
To come on foot, to hunt and shoot,
To get us meat and store ;
For so that I your company
May have, I ask no more ;
From which to part it maketh my heart
As cold as any stone ;
For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. For an outlàw this is the law,
That men him take and bind,
Without pity, hangèd to be,
And waver with the wind.
If I had need, as God forbid,
What succours could ye find ?
Forsooth, I trow, you and your bow
Should draw for fear behind ;
And no marvèl ; for little avail
Were in your counsel then ;
Wherefore I to the wood will go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. Full well know ye that women be
Full feeble for to fight ;
No womanhead is it, indeed,
To be bold as a knight.
Yet in such fear if that ye were
Among enemies day and night,
I would withstand, with bow in hand,
To grieve them as I might,
And you to save, as women have
From death many a one :
For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. Yet take good heed ; for ever I dread
That ye could not sustain
The thorny ways, the deep vallèys,
The snow, the frost, the rain,
The cold, the heat ; for, dry or wet,
We must lodge on the plain ;
And us above no other roof
But a brake bush or twain ;
Which soon should grieve you, I believe,
And ye would gladly then
That I had to the green-wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. Sith I have here been partynère
With you of joy and bliss,
I must alsò part of your woe
Endure, as reason is ;
Yet am I sure of one pleasùre,
And shortly, it is this ;
That where ye be, me seemeth, pardè,
I could not fare amiss.
Without more speech, I you beseech
That we were soon agone ;
For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. If you go thyder, ye must consider,
When ye have lust to dine,
There shall no meat be for to get,
Nor drink, beer, ale, nor wine ;
No sheetes clean, to lie between,
Made of thread and twine ;
None other house but leaves and boughs,
To cover your head and mine.
Lo, mine heart sweet, this evil diét
Should make you pale and wan :
Wherefore I to the wood will go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. Among the wild deer such an archèr
As men say that ye be,
Ne may not fail of good vitayle
Where is so great plenty :
And water clear of the rivèr
Shall be full sweet to me ;
With which in hele I shall right wele
Endure, as ye shall see ;
And, or we go, a bed or two
I can provide anon ;
For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. Lo, yet before, ye must do more,
If ye will go with me,
As cut your hair up by your ear,
Your kirtle by the knee ;
With bow in hand for to withstand
Your enemies, if need be ;
And this same night, before daylight,
To woodward will I flee ;
And if ye will all this fulfil
Do it shortly as ye can :
Else will I to the green-wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. I shall as now do more for you
Than 'longeth to womanhead,
To short my hair, a bow to bear,
To shoot in time of need :
O my sweet mother, before all other,
For you have I most dread !
But now, adieu ! I must ensue
Where fortune doth me lead.
All this make ye : now let us flee ;
The day cometh fast upon ;
For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. Nay, nay, not so ; ye shall not go,
And I shall tell you why ;
Your appetite is to be light
Of love, I well espy :
For right as ye have said to me,
In likewise, hardily,
Ye would answer, whosoever it were,
In way of company.
It is said of old, soon hot, soon cold,
And so is a womàn ;
Wherefore I to the wood will go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. If ye take heed, it is no need
Such words to say by me ;
For oft ye prayed, and long assayed,
Or I you loved, pardè :
And though that I of ancestry
A baron's daughter be,
Yet have you proved how I you loved,
A squire of low degree ;
And ever shall, whatso befall,
To die therefore anon ;
For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. A baron's child to be beguiled,
It were a cursèd deed !
To be felàwe with an outlàw—
Almighty God forbid !
Yet better were the poor squyère
Alone to forest yede
Than ye shall say another day,
That by my wicked deed
Ye were betrayed ; wherefore, good maid,
The best rede that I can,
Is, that I to the green-wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. Whatsoever befall, I never shall
Of this thing you upbraid :
But if ye go, and leave me so,
Then have ye me betrayed.
Remember you well, how that ye deal,
For if ye, as ye said,
Be so unkind to leave behind
Your love, the Nut-brown Maid,
Trust me truly, that I shall die,
Soon after ye be gone ;
For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. If that ye went, ye should repent,
For in the forest now
I have purveyed me of a maid,
Whom I love more than you :
Another fairer than ever ye were,
I dare it well avow ;
And of you both each should be wroth
With other, as I trow.
It were mine ease to live in peace ;
So will I, if I can :
Wherefore I to the wood will go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. Though in the wood I understood
Ye had a paramour,
All this may nought remove my thought,
But that I will be your ;
And she shall find me soft and kind
And courteous every hour,
Glad to fulfil all that she will
Command me, to my power :
For had ye, lo, an hundred mo,
Yet would I be that one.
For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. Mine own dear love, I see the prove
That ye be kind and true ;
Of maid, and wife, in all my life,
The best that ever I knew.
Be merry and glad, be no more sad,
The case is changèd new ;
For it were ruth that for your truth
Ye should have cause to rue.
Be not dismayed : whatsoever I said
To you when I began,
I will not to the green-wood go ;
I am no banished man.

She. These tidings be more glad to me
Than to be made a queen,
If I were sure they should endure ;
But it is often seen,
When men will break promise, they speak
The wordes on the spleen.
Ye shape some wile me to beguile,
And steal from me, I ween :
Then were the case worse than it was,
And I more wobegone ;
For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. Ye shall not need further to dread :
I will not disparàge
You, God defend, sith ye descend
Of so great a lineàge.
Now understand : to Westmoreland,
Which is my heritage,
I will you bring, and with a ring,
By way of marriàge,
I will you take, and lady make,
As shortly as I can :
Thus have you won an Earl's son
And not a banished man.

Here may ye see that women be
In love meek, kind, and stable :
Let never man reprove them than,
Or call them variable ;
But rather pray God that we may
To them be comfortable ;
Which sometimes proveth such as loveth,
If they be charitable.
For sith men would that women should
Be meek to them each one,
Much more ought they to God obey,
And serve but Him alone.

SIR HUGH OF LINCOLN

Four and twenty bonny boys
Were playing at the ba' ;
Then up and started sweet Sir Hugh,
The flower amang them a'.

He hit the ba' a kick wi 's fit,
And kept it wi' his knee,
That up into the Jew's window
He gart the bonny ba' flee.

'Cast doun the ba' to me, fair maid,
Cast doun the ba' to me' ;
'O ne'er a bit o' the ba' ye get
Till ye cum up to me.

'Cum up, sweet Hugh, cum up, dear Hugh,
Cum up and get the ba' ' ;
'I canna cum, I darna cum,
Without my playferes twa.'

'Cum up, sweet Hugh, cum up, dear Hugh,
Cum up and play wi' me' ;
'I canna cum, I darna cum,
Without my playferes three.'

She 's gane into the Jew's garden,
Where the grass grew lang and green ;
She pow'd an apple red and white,
To wyle the young thing in.

She wyl'd him into ae chamber,
She wyl'd him into twa ;
She wyl'd him to her ain chamber,
The fairest o' them a'.

She laid him on a dressing-board
Where she did sometimes dine ;
She put a penknife in his heart
And dressed him like a swine.

Then out and cam the thick, thick blude,
Then out and cam the thin ;
Then out and cam the bonny heart's blude,
Where a' the life lay in.

She row'd him in a cake of lead,
Bad him lie still and sleep ;
She cast him into the Jew's draw-well,
Was fifty fadom deep.

She 's tane her mantle about her head,
Her pike-staff in her hand ;
And prayed Heaven to be her guide
Unto some uncouth land.

His mither she cam to the Jew's castle,
And there ran thryse about :
' O sweet Sir Hugh, gif ye be here,
I pray ye to me speak.'

She cam into the Jew's garden,
And there ran thryse about :
' O sweet Sir Hugh, gif ye be here,
I pray ye to me speak.'

She cam unto the Jew's draw-well,
And there ran thryse about :
' O sweet Sir Hugh, gif ye be here,
I pray ye to me speak.'

'How can I speak, how dare I speak,
How can I speak to thee?
The Jew's penknife sticks in my heart,
I canna speak to thee.

'Gang hame, gang hame, O mither dear,
And shape my winding-sheet,
And at the birks of Mirryland town
There you and I shall meet.'

When bells were rung and Mass was sung,
And a' men bound for bed,
Every mither had her son,
But sweet Sir Hugh was dead.

THE GYPSY COUNTESS

THERE came seven gypsies on a day,
Oh, but they sang bonny, O!
And they sang so sweet, and they sang so clear,
Down cam the earl's ladie, O.

They gave to her the nutmeg,
And they gave to her the ginger;
But she gave to them a far better thing,
The seven gold rings off her fingers.

When the earl he did come home,
Enquiring for his ladie,
One of the servants made this reply,
'She 's awa with the gypsie laddie.'

'Come saddle for me the brown,' he said,
'For the black was ne'er so speedy,
And I will travel night and day
Till I find out my ladie.'

'Will you come home, my dear?' he said,
'Oh will you come home, my honey?
And by the point of my broad sword,
A hand I'll ne'er lay on you.'

'Last night I lay on a good feather-bed,
And my own wedded lord beside me,
And to-night I'll lie in the ash-corner,
With the gypsies all around me.

'They took off my high-heeled shoes,
That were made of Spanish leather,
And I have put on coarse Lowland brogues,
To trip it o'er the heather.'

'The Earl of Cashan is lying sick;
Not one hair I'm sorry;
I'd rather have a kiss from his fair lady's lips
Than all his gold and his money.'

THERE WERE THREE LADIES

THERE were three ladies play'd at the ba',
With a hey, hey, an' a lilly gay.

Bye cam three lords an' woo'd them a',
Whan the roses smelled sae sweetly.

The first o' them was clad in yellow:
'O fair May, will ye be my marrow?'
Whan the roses smelled sae sweetly.

The niest o' them was clad i' reid:
'O fair May, will ye be my bride?'

The thrid o' them was clad i' green:
He said, 'O fair May, will ye be my queen?'

THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BEDNALL-GREEN

PART I

IT was a blind beggar, had long lost his sight,
He had a fair daughter of beauty most bright;
And many a gallant brave suitor had she,
For none was so comely as pretty Bessee.

And though she was of favour most fair,
Yet seeing she was but a poor beggar's heir,
Of ancient housekeepers despisèd was she,
Whose sons came as suitors to pretty Bessee.

Wherefore in great sorrow fair Bessy did say,
Good father, and mother, let me go away
To seek out my fortune, whatever it be,
This suit then they granted to pretty Bessee.

Then Bessy, that was of beauty so bright,
All clad in grey russet, and late in the night
From father and mother alone parted she ;
Who sighèd and sobbèd for pretty Bessee.

She went till she came to Stratford-le-Bow ;
Then knew she not whither, nor which way to go :
With tears she lamented her hard destinie,
So sad and so heavy was pretty Bessee.

She kept on her journey until it was day,
And went unto Rumford along the high way ;
Where at the Queen's Arms entertainèd was she :
So fair and well-favoured was pretty Bessee.

She had not been there a month to an end,
But master and mistress and all was her friend :
And every brave gallant, that once did her see,
Was straightway enamour'd of pretty Bessee.

Great gifts they did send her of silver and gold,
And in their songs daily her love was extolled ;
Her beauty was blazèd in every degree ;
So fair and so comely was pretty Bessee.

The young men of Rumford in her had their joy ;
She showed herself courteous, and modestly coy ;
And at her commandment still would they be ;
So fair and so comely was pretty Bessee.

Four suitors at once unto her did go ;
They craved her favour, but still she said no ;
I would not wish gentles to marry with me ;
Yet ever they honoured pretty Bessee.

The first of them was a gallant young knight,
And he came unto her disguised in the night :
The second a gentleman of good degree,
Who wooèd and suèd for pretty Bessee.

A merchant of London, whose wealth was not small,
He was the third suitor, and proper withal :
Her master's own son the fourth man must be,
Who swore he would die for pretty Bessee.

And, if thou wilt marry with me, quoth the knight,
I'll make thee a lady with joy and delight ;
My heart's so enthralléd by thy beautie,
That soon I shall die for pretty Bessee.

The gentleman said, Come, marry with me,
As fine as a lady my Bessy shall be :
My life is distressed : O hear me, quoth he ;
And grant me thy love, my pretty Bessee.

Let me be thy husband, the merchant could say,
Thou shalt live in London both gallant and gay ;
My ships shall bring home rich jewels for thee,
And I will for ever love pretty Bessee.

Then Bessy she sighed, and thus she did say,
My father and mother I mean to obey ;
First get their good will, and be faithful to me,
And then you shall marry your pretty Bessee.

To every one this answer she made,
Wherefore unto her they joyfully said,
This thing to fulfil we all do agree ;
But where dwells thy father, my pretty Bessee ?

My father, she said, is soon to be seen :
The silly blind beggar of Bednall-green,
That daily sits begging for charitie,
He is the good father of pretty Bessee.

His marks and his tokens are known very well ;
He always is led with a dog and a bell :
A silly old man, God knoweth, is he,
Yet he is the father of pretty Bessee.

Nay then, quoth the merchant, thou art not for me.
Nor, quoth the innholder, my wife thou shalt be :
I loathe, said the gentle, a beggar's degree,
And therefore adieu, my pretty Bessee.

Why then, quoth the knight, hap better or worse,
I weigh not true love by the weight of the purse,
And beauty is beauty in every degree ;
Then welcome unto me, my pretty Bessee.

With thee to thy father forthwith I will go.
Nay soft, quoth his kinsmen, it must not be so ;
A poor beggar's daughter no lady shall be,
Then take thy adieu of pretty Bessee.

But soon after this, by break of the day
The knight had from Rumford stole Bessy away.
The young men of Rumford, as thick as might be,
Rode after to fetch again pretty Bessee.

As swift as the wind to ride they were seen,
Until they came near unto Bednall-green ;
And as the knight lighted most courteouslie,
They all fought against him for pretty Bessee.

But rescue came speedily over the plain,
Or else the young knight for his love had been slain.
This fray being ended, then straightway he see
His kinsmen come railing at pretty Bessee.

Then spake the blind beggar, Although I be poor,
Yet rail not against my child at my own door :
Though she be not deckèd in velvet and pearl,
Yet will I drop angels with you for my girl.

And then, if my gold may better her birth,
And equal the gold that you lay on the earth,
Then neither rail nor grudge you to see
The blind beggar's daughter a lady to be.

But first you shall promise, and have it well known,
The gold that you drop shall all be your own.
With that they replied, Contented be we.
Then here 's, quoth the beggar, for pretty Bessee.

With that an angel he cast on the ground,
And droppèd in angels full three thousand pound ;
And oftentimes it was proved most plain,
For the gentlemen's one the beggar dropt twain :

So that the place, wherein they did sit,
With gold it was coverèd every whit.
The gentlemen then having dropt all their store,
Said, Now, beggar, hold, for we have no more.

Thou hast fulfilled thy promise aright.
Then marry, quoth he, my girl to this knight ;
And here, added he, I will now throw you down
A hundred pounds more to buy her a gown.

The gentlemen all, that this treasure had seen,
Admirèd the beggar of Bednall-green :
And all those, that were her suitors before,
Their flesh for very anger they tore.

Thus was fair Bessy matched to the knight,
And then made a lady in others' despite :
A fairer lady there never was seen,
Than the blind beggar's daughter of Bednall-green.

But of their sumptuous marriage and feast,
What brave lords and knights thither were prest,
The second fitt shall set forth to your sight
With marvellous pleasure and wishèd delight.

PART II

Of a blind beggar's daughter most bright,
That late was betrothed unto a young knight;
All the discourse thereof you did see:
But now comes the wedding of pretty Bessee.

Within a gorgeous palace most brave,
Adorned with all the cost they could have,
This wedding was kept most sumptuouslie,
And all for the credit of pretty Bessee.

All kind of dainties and delicates sweet
Were bought for the banquet, as it was most meet;
Partridge, and plover, and venison most free,
Against the brave wedding of pretty Bessee.

This marriage through England was spread by report,
So that a great number thereto did resort
Of nobles and gentles in every degree;
And all for the fame of pretty Bessee.

To church then went this gallant young knight;
His bride followed after, an angel most bright,
With troops of ladies, the like ne'er was seen,
As went with sweet Bessy of Bednall-green.

This marriage being solemnizèd then,
With musick performed by the skilfullest men,
The nobles and gentles sat down at that tide,
Each one admiring the beautiful bride.

Now, after the sumptuous dinner was done,
To talk, and to reason a number begun:
They talked of the blind beggar's daughter most bright,
And what with his daughter he gave to the knight.

Then spake the nobles, Much marvel have we,
This jolly blind beggar we cannot here see.
My lords, quoth the bride, my father's so base,
He is loth with his presence these states to disgrace.

The praise of a woman in question to bring
Before her own face, were a flattering thing,
But we think thy father's baseness, quoth they,
Might by thy beauty be clean put away.

They had no sooner these pleasant words spoke,
But in comes the beggar clad in a silk cloak;
A fair velvet cap, and a feather had he,
And now a musician forsooth he would be.

He had a dainty lute under his arm,
He touched the strings, which made such a charm,
Says, Please you to hear any musick of me,
I'll sing you a song of pretty Bessee.

With that his lute he twangèd straightway,
And thereon began most sweetly to play;
And after that lessons were played two or three,
He strain'd out this song most delicatelie.

'A poor beggar's daughter did dwell on a green,
Who for her fairness might well be a queen:
A blithe bonny lass, and a dainty was she,
And many one called her pretty Bessee.

'Her father he had no goods, nor no land,
But begged for a penny all day with his hand;
And yet to her marriage he gave thousands three,
And still he hath somewhat for pretty Bessee.

'And if any one here her birth to disdain,
Her father is ready, with might and with main,
To prove she is come of noble degree:
Therefore never flout at pretty Bessee.'

With that the lords and the company round
With hearty laughter were ready to swound ;
At last said the lords, Full well we may see,
The bride and the beggar 's beholden to thee.

On this the bride all blushing did rise,
The pearly drops standing within her fair eyes,
O pardon my father, grave nobles, quoth she,
That through blind affection thus doteth on me.

If this be thy father, the nobles did say,
Well may he be proud of this happy day ;
Yet by his countenance well may we see,
His birth and his fortune did never agree :

And therefore, blind man, we pray thee bewray
(And look that the truth thou to us do say)
Thy birth and thy parentage, what it may be ;
For the love that thou bearest to pretty Bessee.

' Then give me leave, nobles and gentles, each one,
One song more to sing, and then I have done ;
And if that it may not win good report,
Then do not give me a *groat* for my sport.

' Sir Simon de Montfort my subject shall be ;
Once chief of all the great barons was he,
Yet fortune so cruel this lord did abase,
Now lost and forgotten are he and his race.

' When the barons in arms did king Henry oppose,
Sir Simon de Montfort their leader they chose ;
A leader of courage undaunted was he,
And ofttimes he made their enemies flee.

' At length in the battle on Evesham plain,
The barons were routed, and Montfort was slain ;
Most fatal that battle did prove unto thee,
Though thou wast not born then, my pretty Bessee !

'Along with the nobles, that fell at that tide,
His eldest son Henry, who fought by his side,
Was felled by a blow he received in the fight;
A blow that deprived him for ever of sight.

'Among the dead bodies all lifeless he lay,
Till evening drew on of the following day,
When by a young lady discovered was he;
And this was thy mother, my pretty Bessee!

'A baron's fair daughter stept forth in the night
To search for her father, who fell in the fight,
And seeing young Montfort, where gasping he lay,
Was moved with pity, and brought him away.

'In secret she nurst him, and suagèd his pain,
While he through the realm was believed to be slain:
At length his fair bride she consented to be,
And made him glad father of pretty Bessee.

'And now, lest our foes our lives should betray,
We clothèd ourselves in beggars' array;
Her jewels she sold, and hither came we:
All our comfort and care was our pretty Bessee.

'And here have we lived in fortune's despite,
Though poor, yet contented with humble delight:
Full forty winters thus have I been
A silly blind beggar of Bednall-green.

'And here, noble lords, is ended the song
Of one, that once to your own rank did belong:
And thus have you learned a secret from me,
That ne'er had been known, but for pretty Bessee.'

Now when the fair company every one,
Had heard the strange tale in the song he had shown,
They all were amazed, as well they might be,
Both at the blind beggar, and pretty Bessee.

With that the fair bride they all did embrace,
Saying, Sure thou art come of an honourable race,
Thy father likewise is of noble degree,
And thou art well worthy a lady to be.

Thus was the feast ended with joy and delight,
A bridegroom most happy then was the young knight,
In joy and felicitie long lived he,
All with his fair lady, the pretty Bessee.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD

Now ponder well, you parents dear,
These words, which I shall write ;
A doleful story you shall hear,
In time brought forth to light.
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolk dwelt of late,
Who did in honour far surmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die,
No help his life could save ;
His wife by him as sick did lie,
And both possessed one grave.
No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kind,
In love they liv'd, in love they died,
And left two babes behind :

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three years old ;
The other a girl more young than he,
And fram'd in beauty's mould.
The father left his little son,
As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred pounds a year.

And to his little daughter Jane
Five hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on marriage-day,
Which might not be controll'd :
But if the children chanced to die,
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possess their wealth ;
For so the will did run.

Now, brother, said the dying man,
Look to my children dear ;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friends else have they here :
To God and you I recommend
My children dear this day ;
But little while be sure we have
Within this world to stay.

You must be father and mother both,
And uncle all in one ;
God knows what will become of them,
When I am dead and gone.
With that bespake their mother dear,
O brother kind, quoth she,
You are the man must bring our babes
To wealth or misery :

And if you keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward ;
But if you otherwise should deal,
God will your deeds regard.
With lips as cold as any stone,
They kissed their children small :
God bless you both, my children dear ;
With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake
To this sick couple there,
The keeping of your little ones,
Sweet sister, do not fear ;

God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children dear,
When you are laid in grave.

The parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them straight unto his house,
Where much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a day,
But, for their wealth, he did devise
To make them both away.

He bargain'd with two ruffians strong,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take these children young,
And slay them in a wood.
He told his wife an artful tale,
He would the children send
To be brought up in fair London,
With one that was his friend.

Away then went those pretty babes,
Rejoicing at that tide,
Rejoicing with a merry mind,
They should on cock-horse ride.
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they rode on the way,
To those that should their butchers be,
And work their lives' decay :

So that the pretty speech they had,
Made Murder's heart relent ;
And they that undertook the deed,
Full sore did now repent.
Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
Did vow to do his charge,
Because the wretch, that hired him,
Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,
So here they fall to strife ;
With one another they did fight,
About the children's life :
And he that was of mildest mood,
Did slay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood ;
The babes did quake for fear !

He took the children by the hand,
Tears standing in their eye,
And bade them straightway follow him,
And look they did not cry :
And two long miles he led them on
While they for food complain :
Stay here, quoth he, I'll bring you bread,
When I come back again.

The pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and down ;
But never more could see the man
Approaching from the town ;
Their pretty lips with black-berries
Were all besmear'd and dyed,
And when they saw the darksome night,
They sat them down and cried.

Thus wandered these poor innocents,
Till death did end their grief,
In one another's arms they died,
As wanting due relief :
No burial this pretty pair
Of any man receives,
Till Robin-redbreast piously
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God
Upon their uncle fell ;
Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,
His conscience felt an hell :

His barns were fired, his goods consumed,
  His lands were barren made ;
His cattle died within the field,
  And nothing with him stayed.

And in a voyage to Portugal
  Two of his sons did die ;
And to conclude, himself was brought
  To want and misery :
He pawn'd and mortgaged all his land
  Ere seven years came about,
And now at length this wicked act
  Did by this means come out :

The fellow, that did take in hand
  These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judg'd to die,
  Such was God's blessed will :
Who did confess the very truth
  As here hath been display'd :
Their uncle having died in gaol,
  Where he for debt was laid.

You that executors be made,
  And overseers eke,
Of children that be fatherless,
  And infants mild and meek ;
Take you example by this thing,
  And yield to each his right,
Lest God with such like misery
  Your wicked minds requite.

THE HEIR OF LINNE

PART I

Lithe and listen, gentlemen,
  To sing a song I will begin :
It is of a lord of fair Scotland,
  Which was the unthrifty heir of Linne.

His father was a right good lord,
His mother a lady of high degree ;
But they, alas ! were dead, him froe,
And he lov'd keeping companie.

To spend the day with merry cheer,
To drink and revel every night,
To card and dice from eve to morn,
It was, I ween, his heart's delight.

To ride, to run, to rant, to roar,
To alway spend and never spare,
I wot, an' it were the king himself,
Of gold and fee he mote be bare.

So fares the unthrifty lord of Linne
Till all his gold is gone and spent ;
And he maun sell his lands so broad,
His house, and lands, and all his rent.

His father had a keen stewàrd,
And John o' the Scales was callèd he :
But John is become a gentleman,
And John has got both gold and fee.

Says, Welcome, welcome, lord of Linne,
Let nought disturb thy merry cheer ;
If thou wilt sell thy lands so broad,
Good store of gold I'll give thee here.

My gold is gone, my money is spent ;
My land now take it unto thee :
Give me the gold, good John o' the Scales,
And thine for aye my land shall be.

Then John he did him to record draw,
And John he cast him a gods-pennie ;
But for every pound that John agreed,
The land, I wis, was well worth three.

He told him the gold upon the board,
He was right glad his land to win :
The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now I'll be the lord of Linne.

Thus he hath sold his land so broad,
Both hill and holt, and moor and fen,
All but a poor and lonesome lodge,
That stood far off in a lonely glen.

For so he to his father hight.
My son, when I am gone, said he,
Then thou wilt spend thy land so broad,
And thou wilt spend thy gold so free :

But swear me now upon the rood,
That lonesome lodge thou'lt never spend ;
For when all the world doth frown on thee,
Thou there shalt find a faithful friend.

The heir of Linne is full of gold :
And come with me, my friends, said he,
Let 's drink, and rant, and merry make,
And he that spares, ne'er mote he thee.

They ranted, drank, and merry made,
Till all his gold it waxèd thin ;
And then his friends they slunk away ;
They left the unthrifty heir of Linne.

He had never a penny left in his purse,
Never a penny left but three,
And one was brass, another was lead,
And another it was white monèy.

Now welladay, said the heir of Linne,
Now welladay, and woe is me,
For when I was the lord of Linne,
I never wanted gold nor fee.

But many a trusty friend have I,
And why should I feel dole or care?
I'll borrow of them all by turns,
So need I not be never bare.

But one, I wis, was not at home;
Another had paid his gold away;
Another call'd him thriftless loon,
And bade him sharply wend his way.

Now welladay, said the heir of Linne,
Now welladay, and woe is me!
For when I had my lands so broad,
On me they liv'd right merrilee.

To beg my bread from door to door
I wis, it were a burning shame:
To rob and steal it were a sin:
To work my limbs I cannot frame.

Now I'll away to lonesome lodge,
For there my father bade me wend;
When all the world should frown on me,
I there should find a trusty friend.

PART II

Away then hied the heir of Linne
O'er hill and holt and moor and fen,
Until he came to lonesome lodge,
That stood so low in a lonely glen.

He looked up, he looked down,
In hope some comfort for to win:
But bare and loathly were the walls.
Here 's sorry cheer, quo' the heir of Linne.

The little window dim and dark
Was hung with ivy, brier, and yew;
No shimmering sun here ever shone;
No halesome breeze here ever blew.

Nor chair, ne table he mote spy,
No cheerful hearth, ne welcome bed,
Nought save a rope with renning noose,
That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it in broad lettèrs,
These words were written so plain to see:
'Ah! graceless wretch, hast spent thine all,
And brought thyself to penurie?

'And this my boding mind misgave,
I therefore left this trusty friend:
Let it now shield thy foule disgrace,
And all thy shame and sorrows end.'

Sorely shent wi' this rebuke,
Sorely shent was the heir of Linne;
His heart, I wis, was near to brast
With guilt and sorrow, shame and sin.

Never a word spake the heir of Linne,
Never a word he spake but three:
'This is a trusty friend indeed,
And is right welcome unto me.'

Then round his neck the cord he drew,
And sprang aloft with his bodỳ:
When lo! the ceiling burst in twain,
And to the ground came tumbling he.

Astonied lay the heir of Linne,
Ne knew if he were live or dead:
At length he looked, and saw a bill,
And in it a key of gold so red.

He took the bill, and looked it on,
Straight good comfort found he there:
It told him of a hole in the wall,
In which there stood three chests in-fere.

bill] billet, letter

Two were full of the beaten gold,
The third was full of white monèy ;
And over them in broad letters
These words were written so plain to see :

'Once more, my son, I set thee clear ;
Amend thy life and follies past ;
For but thou amend thee of thy life,
That rope must be thy end at last.'

'And let it be,' said the heir of Linne ;
'And let it be, but if I amend :
For here I will make mine avow,
This rede shall guide me to the end.'

Away then went with a merry cheer,
Away then went the heir of Linne ;
I wis, he neither ceas'd ne blanne
Till John o' the Scales' house he did win.

And when he came to John o' the Scales,
Up at the speere then looked he :
There sat three lords upon a row,
Were drinking of the wine so free.

And John himself sat at the board-head,
Because now lord of Linne was he.
'I pray thee,' he said, 'good John o' the Scales,
One forty pence for to lend me.'

'Away, away, thou thriftless loon ;
Away, away, this may not be :
For Christ's curse on my head,' he said,
'If ever I trust thee one pennie.'

Then bespake the heir of Linne,
To John o' the Scales' wife then spake he :
'Madame, some alms on me bestow,
I pray for sweet saint Charitie.'

blanne] lingered

'Away, away, thou thriftless loon,
I swear thou gettest no alms of me;
For if we should hang any losel here,
The first we would begin with thee.'

Then bespake a good fellow,
Which sat at John o' the Scales his board;
Sayd, 'Turn again, thou heir of Linne;
Some time thou wast a well good lord:

'Some time a good fellow thou hast been,
And sparedst not thy gold and fee:
Therefore I'll lend thee forty pence,
And other forty if need be.

'And ever, I pray thee, John o' the Scales,
To let him sit in thy company:
For well I wot thou hadst his land,
And a good bargain it was to thee.'

Up then spake him John o' the Scales,
All wood he answered him again:
'Now Christ's curse on my head, he said,
But I did lose by that bargain.'

'And here I proffer thee, heir of Linne,
Before these lords so fair and free,
Thou shalt have it back again better cheap,
By a hundred marks, than I had it of thee.

'I draw you to record, lords,' he said.
With that he cast him a god's pennie:
'Now by my fay,' sayd the heir of Linne,
'And here, good John, is thy money.'

And he pull'd forth three bags of gold,
And laid them down upon the board:
All woebegone was John o' the Scales,
So shent he could say never a word.

wood] furious

He told him forth the good red gold,
He told it forth with mickle din,
'The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now I'm again the lord of Linne.'

Says, 'Have thou here, thou good fellow,
Forty pence thou didst lend me:
Now I am again the lord of Linne,
And forty pounds I will give thee.

'I'll make thee keeper of my forest,
Both of the wild deer and the tame;
For but I reward thy bounteous heart,
I wis, good fellow, I were to blame.'

'Now welladay!' saith Joan o' the Scales:
'Now welladay! and woe is my life!
Yesterday I was lady of Linne,
Now I'm but John o' the Scales his wife.'

'Now fare thee well,' said the heir of Linne;
'Farewell now, John o' the Scales,' said he:
'Christ's curse light on me, if ever again
I bring my lands in jeopardy.'

THE OLD AND YOUNG COURTIER

An old song made by an aged old pate,
Of an old worshipful gentleman, who had a great estate,
That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate;
Like an old courtier of the queen's,
And the queen's old courtier.

With an old lady, whose anger one word assuages;
They every quarter paid their old servants their wages,
And never knew what belong'd to coachman, footmen, nor pages,
But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and badges;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old study fill'd full of learned old books,
With an old reverend chaplain, you might know
him by his looks.
With an old buttery hatch worn quite off the hooks,
And an old kitchen, that maintain'd half a dozen
old cooks :
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old hall, hung about with pikes, guns and
bows,
With old swords, and bucklers, that had borne
many shrewd blows,
And an old frieze coat to cover his worship's trunk
hose,
And a cup of old sherry, to comfort his copper
nose ;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With a good old fashion, when Christmas was
come,
To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe and
drum,
With good cheer enough to furnish every old room,
And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and man
dumb,
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old falconer, huntsman, and a kennel of
hounds,
That never hawked, nor hunted, but in his own
grounds,
Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his own
bounds,
And when he died gave every child a thousand
good pounds ;
Like an old courtier, &c.

But to his eldest son his house and land he assign'd,
Charging him in his will to keep the old bountiful mind,
To be good to his old tenants, and to his neighbours be kind :
But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he was inclin'd ;
Like a young courtier of the king's,
And the king's young courtier.

Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come to his land,
Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his command,
And takes up a thousand pound upon his father's land,
And gets drunk in a tavern, till he can neither go nor stand ;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fangled lady, that is dainty, nice, and spare,
Who never knew what belong'd to good housekeeping, or care,
Who buys gaudy-colour'd fans to play with wanton air,
And seven or eight different dressings of other women's hair ;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fashion'd hall, built where the old one stood,
Hung round with new pictures, that do the poor no good,
With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns neither coal nor wood,
And a new smooth shovelboard, whereon no victuals ne'er stood ;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new study, stuffed full of pamphlets, and plays,
And a new chaplain, that swears faster than he prays,
With a new buttery hatch, that opens once in four or five days,
And a new French cook, to devise fine kickshaws, and toys ;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is drawing on,
On a new journey to London straight we all must begone,
And leave none to keep house, but our new porter John,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a stone ;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new gentleman-usher whose carriage is complete,
With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to carry up the meat,
With a waiting-gentlewoman, whose dressing is very neat,
Who when her lady has din'd, lets the servants not eat ;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With new titles of honour bought with his father's old gold,
For which sundry of his ancestors' old manors are sold ;
And this is the course most of our new gallants hold,
Which makes that good house-keeping is now grown so cold,
Among the young courtiers of the king,
Or the king's young courtiers.

THE WINNING OF CALES

Long the proud Spaniards had vaunted to conquer us,
Threatening our country with fire and sword;
Often preparing their navy most sumptuous
With as great plenty as Spain could afford.
Dub a dub, dub a dub, thus strike their drums;
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes.

To the seas presently went our lord admiral,
With knights courageous and captains full good;
The brave Earl of Essex, a prosperous general,
With him prepared to pass the salt flood.

At Plymouth speedily, took they ship valiantly,
Braver ships never were seen under sail,
With their fair colours spread, and streamers o'er their head.
Now, bragging Spaniards, take heed of your tail.

Unto Cales cunningly, came we most speedily,
Where the king's navy securely did ride;
Being upon their backs, piercing their butts of sacks,
Ere any Spaniards our coming descried.

Great was the crying, the running and riding,
Which at that season was made in that place;
The beacons were fired, as need then required;
To hide their great treasure they had little space.

There you might see their ships, how they were fired fast,
And how their men drowned themselves in the sea;
There you might hear them cry, wail and weep piteously,
When they saw no shift to 'scape thence away.

The great *St. Phillip*, the pride of the Spaniards,
Was burnt to the bottom, and sunk in the sea ;
But the *St. Andrew*, and eke the *St. Matthew*,
We took in fight manfully and brought away.

The Earl of Essex, most valiant and hardy,
With horsemen and footmen march'd up to the town ;
The Spaniards, which saw them, were greatly alarmed,
Did fly for their safeguard, and durst not come down.

'Now,' quoth the noble Earl, 'courage my soldiers all,
Fight and be valiant, the spoil you shall have ;
And be well rewarded all from the great to the small ;
But look that the women and children you save.'

The Spaniards at that sight, thinking it vain to fight,
Hung up flags of truce and yielded the town ;
We marched in presently, decking the walls on high,
With English colours which purchas'd renown.

Entering the houses then, of the most richest men,
For gold and treasure we searched each day ;
In some places we did find pies baking left behind,
Meat at fire roasting, and folks run away.

Full of rich merchandise, every shop catch'd our eyes,
Damasks and satins and velvets full fair :
Which soldiers measur'd out by the length of their swords ;
Of all commodities each had a share.

Thus Cales was taken, and our brave general
March'd to the market-place, where he did stand :
There many prisoners fell to our several shares,
Many crav'd mercy, and mercy they found.

When our brave general saw they delayèd all,
And would not ransom their town as they said,
With their fair wainscots, their presses and bedsteads,
Their joint-stools and tables a fire we made;
And when the town burned all in a flame,
With tara, tantara, away we all came.

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON

THERE was a youth, and a well-beloved youth,
And he was a squire's son;
He loved the bailiff's daughter dear,
That lived in Islington.

She was coy, and she would not believe
That he did love her so,
No, nor at any time she would
Any countenance to him show.

But when his friends did understand
His fond and foolish mind,
They sent him up to fair London
An apprentice for to bind.

And when he had been seven long years,
And his love he had not seen,
'Many a tear have I shed for her sake,
When she little thought of me'.

All the maids of Islington
Went forth to sport and play;
All but the bailiff's daughter dear;
She secretly stole away.

She put off her gown of gray,
And put on her puggish attire;
She's up to fair London gone
Her true-love to require.

puggish [ragged.

As she went along the road,
The weather being hot and dry,
There was she aware of her true-love,
At length came riding by.

She stept to him, as red as any rose,
And took him by the bridle-ring ;
'I pray you, kind sir, give me one penny,
To ease my weary limb.'

'I prithee, sweetheart, canst thou tell me,
Where that thou wast born ? '
'At Islington, kind sir,' said she,
'Where I have had many a scorn.'

'I prithee, sweetheart, canst thou tell me,
Whether thou dost know,
The bailiff's daughter of Islington ? '
'She 's dead, sir, long ago.'

'Then will I sell my goodly steed,
My saddle and my bow ;
I will into some far country,
Where no man doth me know.'

'O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth !
Here she standeth by thy side,
She 's alive, she is not dead ;
And is ready to be thy bride.'

'O farewell grief, and welcome joy,
Ten thousand times and more !
For now I have seen mine own true-love,
That I thought I should have seen no more.'

CHEVY CHASE

PART I

God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all !
A woeful hunting once there did
In Chevy Chase befall.

To drive the deer, with hound and horn,
Earl Percy took the way ;
The child may rue, that is unborn,
The hunting of that day !

The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods,
Three summers days to take ;

The chiefest harts in Chevy Chase
To kill and bear away.
These tidings to Earl Douglas came
In Scotland, where he lay.

Who sent Earl Percy present word,
He would prevent his sport.
The English Earl, not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort.

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well, in time of need,
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow deer.
On Monday they began to hunt,
Ere daylight did appear ;

And long before high noon they had
A hundred fat bucks slain :
Then, having dined, the drovers went
To rouse the deer again.

The bowmen mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure ;
Their backsides all with special care
That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods
The nimble deer to take,
That with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the tender deer,
Quoth he, 'Earl Douglas promised once
This day to meet me here:

'But if I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay!'
With that, a brave young gentleman
Thus to the Earl did say:

'Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
All marching in our sight!

'All men of pleasant Tividale,
Fast by the river Tweed.'
'O, cease your sports!' Earl Percy said,
'And take your bows with speed;

'And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For there was never champion yet,
In Scotland, nor in France,

'That ever did on horseback come;
But, and if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spear!'

Earl Douglas, on his milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

'Show me,' said he, 'whose men you be,
That hunt so boldly here,
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow deer?'

The first man that did answer make,
Was noble Percy he,
Who said, 'We list not to declare,
Nor show, whose men we be:

'Yet we will spend our dearest blood
Thy chiefest harts to slay.'
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say:

'Ere thus I will outbravèd be,
One of us two shall die:
I know thee well, an earl thou art;
Lord Percy, so am I.

'But, trust me, Percy, pity it were,
And great offence, to kill
Any of these, our guiltless men,
For they have done no ill.

'Let thou and I the battle try,
And set our men aside.'
'Accurst be he,' Earl Percy said,
'By whom it is denied.'

Then stepped a gallant squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, 'I would not have it told
To Henry our king, for shame,

'That e'er my Captain fought on foot,
And I stand looking on.
You be two earls,' quoth Witherington,
'And I a squire alone.

'I'll do the best that do I may,
While I have power to stand:
While I have power to wield my sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand.'

Our English archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true.
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full fourscore Scots they slew.

'To drive the deer with hound and horn!'
Douglas bade on the bent.
Two captains moved, with mickle might,
Their spears to shivers went.

They closed full fast on every side
No slackness there was found:
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O, Christ! it was a grief to see,
And likewise for to hear,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scattered here and there.

At last, these two stout earls did meet,
Like captains of great might,
Like lions wood, they laid on load,
And made a cruel fight:

They fought, until they both did sweat,
With swords of tempered steel,
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.

'Yield thee, O Percy,' Douglas said,
'In faith I will thee bring,
Where thou shalt high advanced be
By James, our Scottish King:

wood] furious

'Thy ransom I will freely give,
And this report of thee,
"Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see."'

'No, Douglas,' quoth Earl Percy then,
'Thy proffer I do scorn;
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born.'

With that, there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,
A deep and deadly blow.

Who never spake more words than these,
'Fight on, my merry men all;
For why? My life is at an end,
Lord Percy sees my fall.'

Then leaving life, Earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand,
And said, 'Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land.

'O, Christ! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake,
For sure, a more redoubted knight
Mischance could never take.'

A knight amongst the Scots there was,
Which saw Earl Douglas die;
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Lord Percy.

PART II

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he called;
Who, with a spear most bright,
Well-mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight;

And passed the English archers all,
Without all dread or fear ;
And through Earl Percy's body then
He thrust his hateful spear ;

With such a vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The staff ran through the other side,
A large cloth-yard and more.

So thus did both these nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain.
An English archer then perceived
The noble earl was slain ;

He had a good bow in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree ;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew he.

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery
So right the shaft he set,
The grey goose-wing that was thereon
In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun :
For when they rang the evening bell,
The battle scarce was done.

With stout Earl Percy there was slain
Sir John of Egerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James, that bold Baron.

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
Both Knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wail,
As one in doleful dumps,
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps.

And with Earl Douglas there was slain
Sir Hugh Montgomery ;
Sir Charles Murray, that from the field
One foot would never flee.

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff, too,
His sister's son was he :
Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed,
Yet savèd could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell, in like case,
Did with Earl Douglas die.
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three ;
The rest were slain in Chevy Chase,
Under the greenwood tree.

Next day did many widows come
Their husbands to bewail :
They washed their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple gore,
They bare with them away.
They kissed them, dead, a thousand times,
Ere they were clad in clay.

The news was brought to Edinborough,
Where Scotland's King did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain.

'O, heavy news!' King James did say,
'Scotland may witness be,
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he.'

Like tidings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland,
Was slain in Chevy Chase.

'Now, God be with him!' said our king,
'Sith it will no better be;
I trust I have, within my realm,
Five hundred as good as he:

'Yet shall not Scots, nor Scotland, say
But I will vengeance take;
I'll be revengèd on them all,
For brave Earl Percy's sake.'

This vow full well the king performed
After, at Humbledown,
In one day fifty knights were slain,
With lords of great renown;

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many thousands die.
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy Chase,
Made by the Earl Percy.

God save our king; and bless this land
With plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth, that foul debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease.

HELEN OF KIRCONNELL

I WISH I were where Helen lies;
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies
On fair Kirconnell lea!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succour me!

burd [maid.

O think na ye my heart was sair
When my Love dropt down and spak nae mair !
There did she swoon wi' meikle care
On fair Kirconnell lea.

As I went down the water-side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirconnell lea ;

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hackèd him in pieces sma'.
I hackèd him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare !
I'll make a garland of thy hair
Shall bind my heart for evermair
Until the day I die.

O that I were where Helen lies !
Night and day on me she cries ;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, ' Haste and come to me ! '

O Helen fair ! O Helen chaste !
If I were with thee, I were blest,
Where thou lies low and takes thy rest
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn ower my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish I were where Helen lies ;
Night and day on me she cries ;
And I am weary of the skies,
For her sake that died for me.

CORIDON'S SONG

JOHN CHALKHILL

Oh, the sweet contentment
The countryman doth find.
High trololie lollie loe,
High trololie lee,
That quiet contemplation
Possesseth all my mind :
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

For courts are full of flattery,
As hath too oft been tried ;
High trololie lollie loe,
High trololie lee,
The city full of wantonness,
And both are full of pride.
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

But oh, the honest countryman
Speaks truly from his heart,
High trololie lollie loe,
High trololie lee,
His pride is in his tillage,
His horses and his cart :
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

Our clothing is good sheepskins,
Grey russet for our wives,
High trololie lollie loe,
High trololie lee,
'Tis warmth and not gay clothing
That doth prolong our lives ;
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

The ploughman, though he labour hard,
Yet on the holiday,
High trololie lollie loe,
High trololie lee,
No emperor so merrily
Does pass his time away;
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

To recompense our tillage
The heavens afford us showers;
High trololie lollie loe,
High trololie lee,
And for our sweet refreshments
The earth affords us bowers:
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

The cuckoo and the nightingale
Full merrily do sing,
High trololie lollie loe,
High trololie lee,
And with their pleasant roundelays
Bid welcome to the spring:
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

This is not half the happiness
The countryman enjoys;
High trololie lollie loe,
High trololie lee,
Though others think they have as much
Yet he that says so lies:
Then come away, turn
Countryman with me.

YOU GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND

MARTIN PARKER (?–1656 ?)

You gentlemen of England
Live at home at ease,
Full little do you think upon
The dangers of the seas.
Give ear unto the mariners,
And they will plainly show
The cares and the fears
When the stormy winds do blow.
When the stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us
When England is at wars
With any foreign nations,
We fear not wounds and scars;
Our roaring guns shall teach them
Our valour for to know,
Whilst they reel, in the keel,
When the stormy winds do blow.
And the stormy winds do blow.

Then courage, all brave mariners,
And never be dismay'd;
Whilst we have bold adventurers,
We ne'er shall want a trade:
Our merchants will employ us
To fetch them wealth, I know;
Then be bold—work for gold,
When the stormy winds do blow.
When the stormy winds do blow.

WHEN THE KING ENJOYS HIS OWN AGAIN

What booker can prognosticate
Concerning kings' or kingdoms' fate?
I think myself to be as wise
As he that gazeth on the skies;

My skill goes beyond the depths of a pond
Or rivers in the greatest rain
Whereby I can tell all things will be well
When the king enjoys his own again.

Though for a time we see Whitehall
With cobwebs hanging on the wall,
Instead of silk and silver brave
Which formerly it used to have,
With rich perfume in every room,
Delightful to that princely train,
Which again you shall see when the time it shall be
That the king enjoys his own again.

Full forty years the royal crown
Hath been his father's and his own,
And is there any one but he
That in the same should sharer be ?
For who better may the sceptre sway
Than he that hath such right to reign ?
Then let 's hope for a peace, for the wars will not cease
Till the king enjoys his own again.

TIME'S ALTERATION

When this old cap was new,
'Tis since two hundred year ;
No malice then we knew,
But all things plenty were :
All friendship now decays
(Believe me, this is true) ;
Which was not in those days,
When this old cap was new.

The nobles of our land
Were much delighted then,
To have at their command
A crew of lusty men,

Which by their coats were known,
Of tawny, red, or blue,
With crests on their sleeves shown,
When this old cap was new.

Now pride hath banished all,
Unto our land's reproach,
When he whose means is small,
Maintains both horse and coach:
Instead of a hundred men,
The coach allows but two;
This was not thought on then,
When this old cap was new.

Good hospitality
Was cherished then of many;
Now poor men starve and die,
And are not helped by any:
For charity waxeth cold,
And love is found in few;
This was not in time of old,
When this old cap was new.

Where'er you travelled then,
You might meet on the way
Brave knights and gentlemen
Clad in their country gray,
That courteous would appear,
And kindly welcome you;
No puritans then were,
When this old cap was new.

Our ladies in those days
In civil habit went;
Broad cloth was then worth praise,
And gave the best content:
French fashions then were scorned;
Fond fangles then none knew;
Then modesty women adorned,
When this old cap was new.

A man might then behold,
At Christmas, in each hall,
Good fires to curb the cold,
And meat for great and small:
The neighbours were friendly bidden
And all had welcome true;
The poor from the gates were not chidden
When this old cap was new.

Black jacks to every man
Were filled with wine and beer;
No pewter pot nor can
In those days did appear:
Good cheer in a nobleman's house
Was counted a seemly show;
We wanted no brawn nor souse,
When this old cap was new.

We took not such delight
In cups of silver fine;
None under the degree of a knight
In plate drank beer or wine:
Now each mechanical man
Hath a cupboard of plate for a show;
Which was a rare thing then,
When this old cap was new.

Then bribery was unborn,
No simony men did use;
Christians did usury scorn,
Devised among the Jews.
Then lawyers to be feed
At that time hardly knew;
For man with man agreed,
When this old cap was new.

No captain then caroused,
Nor spent poor soldiers' pay;
They were not so abused
As they are at this day:

Of seven days they make eight,
To keep from them their due ;
Poor soldiers had their right,
When this old cap was new.

Which made them forward still
To go, although not prest ;
And going with good-will,
Their fortunes were the best.
Our English then in fight
Did foreign foes subdue,
And forced them all to flight,
When this old cap was new.

God save our gracious king,
And send him long to live :
Lord, mischief on them bring
That will not their alms give,
But seek to rob the poor
Of that which is their due :
This was not in time of yore,
When this old cap was new.

GO, LOVELY ROSE

EDMUND WALLER (1606–1687) See Front Flyleaf

Go, lovely rose !
Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that 's young
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired :
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired ;
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die ! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee :
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

A BALLAD UPON A WEDDING

SIR JOHN SUCKLING (1609–1642)

I TELL thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen,
Oh, things without compare !
Such sights again cannot be found
In any place on English ground,
Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing Cross, hard by the way
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,
There is a house with stairs ;
And there did I see coming down
Such folks as are not in our town,
Forty at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest, one pestilent fine
(His beard no bigger, though, than thine !)
Walked on before the rest.
Our landlord looks like nothing to him ;
The king (God bless him !), 'twould undo him,
Should he go still so dressed . . .

At Course-a-park, without all doubt,
He should have first been taken out
By all the maids i' the town :
Though lusty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the green,
Or Vincent of the crown.

But wot you what ? The youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing ;
The Parson for him stayed.
Yet, by his leave, for all his haste,
He did not so much wish all passed,
Perchance, as did the maid.

The maid (and thereby hangs a tale)
For such a maid no Whitsun ale
Could ever yet produce ;
No grape that 's kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft, as she ;
Nor half so full of juice !

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on ; which they did bring.
It was too wide a peck !
And to say truth, for out it must,
It looked like the great collar (just)
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet, beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light :
But oh ! she dances such a way,
No sun, upon an Easter day,
Is half so fine a sight ! . . .

Her cheeks so rare a white was on ;
No daisy make comparison,
Who sees them is undone.
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Katherine pear,
(The side that 's next the sun).

Her lips were red, and one was thin
Compared to that was next her chin
(Some bee had stung it newly).
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on a sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get :
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours or better,
And are not spent a whit ! . . .

Passion o' me ! how I run on ;
There 's that that would be thought upon,
I trow, besides the bride :
The business of the kitchen 's great,
For it is fit that men should eat ;
Nor was it there denied.

Just in the nick, the cook knocked thrice,
And all the waiters, in a trice
His summons did obey.
Each serving-man, with dish in hand,
Marched boldly up like our trained band,
Presented, and away !

When all the meat was on the table
What man of knife or teeth was able
To stay to be entreated ?
And this the very reason was,
Before the Parson could say grace
The company was seated.

Now hats fly off ; and youths carouse :
Healths first go round, and then the house.
The bride's came thick and thick.
And when 'twas named another's health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth
(And who could help it, Dick ?).

O' th' sudden up they rise and dance :
Then sit again, and sigh and glance,
Then dance again and kiss.
Thus several ways the time did pass ;
Whilst every woman wished her place,
And every man wished his !

By this time all were stolen aside
To counsel and undress the bride ;
But that he must not know :
But yet 'twas thought he guessed her mind,
And did not mean to stay behind
Above an hour or so.

WHY SO PALE AND WAN, FOND LOVER

Why so pale and wan, fond lover ?
Prithee, why so pale ?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail ?
Prithee, why so pale ?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner ?
Prithee, why so mute ?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do 't ?
Prithee, why so mute ?

Quit, quit, for shame ! this will not move,
This cannot take her ;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her :
The devil take her !

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON

Richard Lovelace (1618–1658) See Front Flyleaf

When love with unconfinèd wings
Hovers within my gates ;
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates :
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fettered to her eye ;
The gods that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts are free,
Fishes that tipple in the deep,
Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my king;
When I shall voice aloud, how good
He is, how great should be;
Enlargèd winds that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free;
Angels alone that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

True; a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such,
As you too shall adore ;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

THE FROG HE WOULD A-WOOING RIDE

ANONYMOUS

It was the frog in the well,
Humble dum, humble dum,
And the merry mouse in the mill,
Tweedle, tweedle, twino.

The frog would a-wooing ride,
Humble dum, humble dum,
Sword and buckler by his side,
Tweedle, tweedle, twino.

When he upon his high horse set,
Humble dum, humble dum,
His boots they shone as black as jet,
Tweedle, tweedle, twino.

When he came to the merry mill-pin,
'Lady Mouse, been you within ?'
Then came out the dusty mouse,
'I am lady of this house ;'

'Hast thou any mind of me ?'
'I have e'en great mind of thee.'
'Who shall this marriage make ?'
'Our lord, which is the rat.'

'What shall we have to our supper ?'
'Three beans in a pound of butter.'
But, when supper they were at,
The frog, the mouse, and e'en the rat,

Then came in Gib, our cat,
And catched the mouse e'en by the back.
Then did they separate :
And the frog leaped on the floor so flat ;

Then came in Dick, our drake,
And drew the frog e'en to the lake.
The rat run up the wall,
A goodly company, the Devil go with all !

THE FAIRY QUEEN

Come follow, follow me,
You, fairy elves that be,
Which circle on the green ;
Come follow me, your queen.
Hand in hand, let 's dance a round,
For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,
And snorting in their nest,
Unheard and unespied,
Through key-holes we do glide ;
Over tables, stools, and shelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.

And, if the house be foul,
Or platter, dish, or bowl,
Up stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep ;
There we pinch their arms and thighs ;
None escapes, nor none espies.

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the household maid,
And surely she is paid :
For we do use before we go,
To drop a tester in her shoe.

Upon a mushroom's head,
Our table we do spread ;
A grain of rye, or wheat,
Is manchet, which we eat ;
Pearly drops of dew we drink
In acorn cups filled to the brink.

The brains of nightingales
With unctuous dew of snails,
Between two nutshells stewed,
Is meat that 's easily chewed ;
And the beards of little mice
Do make a feast of wondrous price.

The grasshopper and the fly,
Serve for our minstrelsy ;
Grace said, we dance a while,
And so the time beguile :
And when the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

On tops of dewy grass,
So nimbly do we pass,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends when we do walk ;
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we, the night before, have been.

HERE 'S A HEALTH

Here 's a health unto His Majesty,
With a fal, lal, la, la, la, la, la !
Confusion to his enemies,
With a fal, lal, la, la, la, la, la !
And he that will not drink his health,
I wish him neither wit nor wealth,
Nor yet a rope to hang himself,
With a fal, lal, la, la, la, la, la !

BLACK-EYED SUSAN

JOHN GAY (1685–1732)

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moored,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came aboard,
'Oh! where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew.'

William, who high upon the yard,
Rocked with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sighed and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high-poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
(If, chance, his mate's shrill call he hear)
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet,
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

'O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again.
Change, as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

'Believe not what the landsmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind:
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find.
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present whereso'er I go.

'If to far India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamond bright,
Thy breath is Africk's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

'Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.'

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread,
No longer must she stay aboard;
They kissed, she sighed, he hung his head;
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land;
'Adieu' she cries! and waved her lily hand.

WOO'D, AND MARRIED, AND A'

ALEXANDER ROSS (1699–1784)

THE bride cam' out o' the byre,
And, oh, as she dighted her cheeks:
'Sirs, I'm to be married the night,
And has neither blankets nor sheets;
Has neither blankets nor sheets,
Nor scarce a coverlet too;
The bride that has a' thing to borrow,
Has e'en right muckle ado.'

Woo'd, and married, and a',
Married, and woo'd, and a' !
And was she no very weel off,
That was woo'd, and married, and a' ?

Out spake the bride's father,
As he cam' in frae the pleugh :
' Oh, haud your tongue, my dochter,
And ye'se get gear eneugh ;
The stirk stands i' th' tether,
And our braw bawsint yade,
Will carry ye hame your corn—
What wad ye be at, ye jade ? '

Out spake the bride's mither :
' What deil needs a' this pride ?
I hadna a plack in my pouch
That night I was a bride ;
My gown was linsey-woolsey,
And ne'er a sark ava ;
And ye hae ribbons and buskins,
Mae than ane or twa.'

Out spake the bride's brither,
As he cam' in wi' the kye :
' Poor Willie wad ne'er hae ta'en ye,
Had he kent ye as weel as I ;
For ye're baith proud and saucy,
And no for a poor man's wife ;
Gin I canna get a better,
I'se ne'er tak' ane i' my life.'

Out spake the bride's sister,
As she cam' in frae the byre ;
' O gin I were but married,
It 's a' that I desire ;
But we poor folk maun live single,
And do the best we can ;
I dinna care what I should want
If I could but get a man.'

RULE BRITANNIA

JAMES THOMSON (1700–1748)

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of her land,
And guardian angels sang this strain—
'Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves.'

The nations, not so blest as thee,
Must in their turns to tyrants fall;
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
And work their woe and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair:
Blest isle! with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
'Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves.'

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY

HENRY CAREY (?–1743)

OF all the girls that are so smart
There 's none like pretty Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets
And through the streets does cry them :
Her mother she sells laces long
To such as please to buy them :
But sure such folk could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally !
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely ;
My master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely—
But let him bang his bellyful,
I'll bear it all for Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that 's in the week
I dearly love but one day—
And that 's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday ;
For then I'm drest all in my best
To walk abroad with Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamed
Because I leave him in the lurch
As soon as text is named ;
I leave the church in sermon-time
And slink away to Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again
O then I shall have money ;
I'll hoard it up, and box and all
I'll give it to my honey :
And would it were ten thousand pounds,
I'd give it all to Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all
Make game of me and Sally,
And, but for her, I'd better be
A slave and row a galley ;
But when my seven long years are out
O then I'll marry Sally,—
O then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
But not in our alley !

THE BRAES OF YARROW

WILLIAM HAMILTON (1704–1754)

A. Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride ?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow ?
A. I gat her where I dare na weel be seen,
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow ;
Nor let thy heart lament to leive
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride ?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow ?
And why dare ye nae mair weel be seen
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow ?

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow,
And lang maun I nae mair weel be seen
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her luver, luver dear,
Her luver dear, the cause of sorrow ;
And I hae slain the comliest swain
That e'er pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, reid ?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow ?
And why yon melancholeous weids
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow ?

What yonder floats on the rueful rueful flude ?
What 's yonder floats ? O dule and sorrow !
'Tis he the comely swain I slew
Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears with dule and sorrow ;
And wrap his limbs in mourning weids,
And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow ;
And weep around in waeful wise
His helpless fate on the Braes of Yarrow !

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,
His comely breast, on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee not to lu'e ?
And warn from fight ? but to my sorrow
Too rashly bald a stronger arm
Thou mett'st, and fell on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grass,
Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan ;
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowin ' !

Flows Yarrow sweet ? as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,
As green its grass, its gowan yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae the rock as mellow.

Fair was thy luve, fair fair indeed thy luve,
In flow'ry bands thou him didst fetter ;
Tho' he was fair, and weil beluv'd again
Than me he never lu'ed thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and lu'e me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

How can I busk a bonny bonny bride ?
How can I busk a winsome marrow ?
How lu'e him on the banks of Tweed,
That slew my luve on the Braes of Yarrow ?

O Yarrow fields, may never never rain,
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover,
For there was basely slain my luve,
My luve, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest—'twas my awn sewing :
Ah ! wretched me ! I little, little kenn'd
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow :
But ere the toofall of the night
He lay a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoic'd that waeful waeful day ;
I sang, my voice the woods returning :
But lang ere night the spear was flown,
That slew my luve, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me ?
My luver's blood is on thy spear—
How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo me ?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud
With cruel and ungentle scoffin',
May bid me seek on Yarrow Braes
My luver nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid,
And strive with threatning words to move me :
My luver's blood is on thy spear—
How canst thou ever bid me luve thee ?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luve,
With bridal sheets my body cover,
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door !
Let in the expected husband-lover.

But who the expected husband husband is ?
His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter.
Ah me ! what ghastly spectre 's yon
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after ?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow !
Take aff, take aff these bridal weids,
And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best beluv'd,
O could my warmth to life restore thee !
Ye'd lie all night between my breists—
No youth lay ever there before thee !

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely lovely youth,
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lie all night between my breists,
No youth shall ever lie there after.

A. Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride !
Return and dry thy useless sorrow !
Thy luver heeds nought of thy sighs,
He lies a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

ANNIE LAURIE

ANONYMOUS

MAXWELLTON braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
Gied me her promise true ;
Gied me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot shall be,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me doon and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-flake,
Her neck is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on ;
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e ;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying,
Is the fa' of her fairy feet;
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet;
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she 's a' the world to me;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee.

WHEN MOLLY SMILES

When Molly smiles beneath her cow,
I feel my heart—I can't tell how;
When Molly is on Sunday dressed,
On Sundays I can take no rest.

What can I do? on worky days
I leave my work on her to gaze.
What shall I say? At sermons, I
Forget the text when Molly 's by.

Good master curate, teach me how
To mind your preaching and my plough:
And if for this you'll raise a spell,
A good fat goose shall thank you well.

THE VICAR OF BRAY

In good King Charles's golden days,
When loyalty no harm meant,
A zealous High-Churchman was I,
And so I got preferment.
To teach my flock I never miss'd,
Kings were by God appointed,
And lost are those that dare resist,
Or touch the Lord's anointed.

Chorus. And this is law I will maintain,
Until my dying day, Sir,
That whatsoever King shall reign,
I'll still be the Vicar of Bray, Sir.

When royal James possess'd the crown,
And Popery came in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the Declaration ;
The Church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution ;
And I had been a Jesuit,
But for the Revolution.

Chorus And this is law, &c.

When William was our King declar'd,
To ease the nation's grievance,
With this new wind about I steer'd,
And swore to him allegiance.
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance ;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.

Chorus And this is law, &c.

When royal Anne became our Queen,
The Church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a Tory ;
Occasional conformists base,
I blam'd their moderation ;
And thought the Church in danger was,
By such prevarication.

Chorus And this is law, &c.

When George in pudding-time came o'er,
And moderate men looked big, Sir,
My principles I chang'd once more,
And so became a Whig, Sir ;
And thus preferment I procur'd
From our new faith's-defender ;
And almost every day abjur'd
The Pope and the Pretender.

Chorus And this is law, &c.

Th' illustrious house of Hanover,
And Protestant succession,
To them I do allegiance swear—
While they can hold possession ;
For in my faith and loyalty
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful King shall be,—
Until the times do alter.
Chorus And this is law, &c.

O WALY WALY UP THE BANK

O WALY waly up the bank,
And waly waly down the brae,
And waly waly yon burn-side
Where I and my Love wer wont to gae !
I leant my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree ;
But first it bow'd, and syne it brak,
Sae my true Love did lichtly me.

O waly waly gin love be bonny
A little time while it is new ;
But when it 's auld, it waxeth cauld
And fades awa' like morning dew.
O wherfore shuld I busk my head ?
Or wherfore shuld I kame my hair ?
For my true Love has me forsook,
And says he'll never loe me mair.

Now Arthur-Seat sall be my bed ;
The sheets shall ne'er be fyl'd by me :
Saint Anton's well sall be my drink,
Since my true Love has forsaken me.
Marti'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw
And shake the green leaves aff the tree ?
O gentle Death, when wilt thou come ?
For of my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost, that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie ;
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my Love's heart grown cauld to me.
When we came in by Glasgow town
We were a comely sight to see ;
My love was clad in black velvet,
And I mysell in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kist,
That love had been sae ill to win ;
I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd
And pinn'd it with a siller pin.
And O ! if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysell were dead and gane,
For a maid again I'se never be.

A HUNTING SONG

HENRY FIELDING (1707–1754)

THE dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the morn ;
The hounds all join in glorious cry,
The huntsman winds his horn,
And a-hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws
Her arms, and begs his stay ;
'My dear, it rains, and hails, and snows,
You will not hunt to-day ?'
But a-hunting we will go.

'A brushing fox in yonder wood
Secure to find we seek :
For why ? I carried, sound and good,
A cartload there last week,
And a-hunting we will go.'

Away he goes, he flies the rout,
Their steeds all spur and switch,
Some are thrown in, and some thrown out,
And some thrown in the ditch ;
But a-hunting we will go.

At length his strength to faintness worn,
Poor Reynard ceases flight ;
Then, hungry, homeward we return,
To feast away the night.
Then a-drinking we will go.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST

ALISON COCKBURN (1712 ?–1794)

I've seen the smiling
Of Fortune beguiling ;
I've felt all its favours, and found its decay :
Sweet was its blessing,
Kind its caressing,
But now 'tis fled—'tis fled far away.

I've seen the forest
Adorned the foremost
With flowers of the fairest most pleasant and gay ;
Sae bonny was their blooming !
Their scent the air perfuming !
But now they are withered and weeded away.

I've seen the morning
With gold the hills adorning,
And loud tempest storming before the midday,
I've seen Tweed's silver streams,
Shining in the sunny beams,
Grow drumbly and dark as he rowed on his way.

O fickle Fortune,
Why this cruel sporting ?
Oh, why still perplex us, poor sons of a day ?
Nae mair your smiles can cheer me,
Nae mair your frowns can fear me ;
For the Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

THE SHEPHERD'S HOME

WILLIAM SHENSTONE (1714–1763)

My banks they are furnished with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep ;
My grottoes are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow ;
My fountains all bordered with moss,
Where the harebells and violets grow.

Not a pine in the grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound ;
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweet-briar entwines it around.
Not my fields in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold :
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

. . .

I have found out a gift for my fair ;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed ;
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed ;
For he ne'er could be true, she averred,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young ;
And I loved her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

HEART OF OAK

DAVID GARRICK (1717–1779)

COME, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
To add something more to this wonderful year ;
To honour we call you, not press you like slaves,
For who are so free as we sons of the waves ?

Heart of oak are our ships, heart of oak are our men,
We always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady,
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We ne'er meet our foes but we wish them to stay,
They never see us but they wish us away;
If they run, why we follow, and drive them ashore,
For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.
Heart of oak are our ships, &c.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes;
They frighten our women, our children, and beaux;
But should their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.
Heart of oak are our ships, &c.

We'll still make them run, and we'll still make them sweat,
In spite of the Devil and Brussels Gazette,
Then cheer up, my lads, with one heart let us sing
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, and king.
Heart of oak are our ships, &c.

EDWARD, EDWARD

ANONYMOUS.

'WHY does your brand sae drop wi' blude,
Edward, Edward?
Why does your brand sae drop wi' blude,
And why sae sad gang ye, O?'
'O I hae kill'd my hawk sae gude,
Mither, mither;
O I hae kill'd my hawk sae gude,
And I had nae mair but he, O.'

'Your hawk's blude was never sae red,
Edward, Edward;
Your hawk's blude was never sae red,
My dear son, I tell thee, O.'—
'O I hae kill'd my red-roan steed,
Mither, mither;
O I hae kill'd my red-roan steed,
That erst was sae fair and free, O.'

'Your steed was auld, and ye hae got mair,
Edward, Edward;
Your steed was auld, and ye hae got mair;
Some other dule ye dree, O.'—
'O I hae kill'd my father dear,
Mither, mither;
O I hae kill'd my father dear,
Alas, and wae is me, O!'

'And whatten penance will ye dree for that,
Edward, Edward?
Whatten penance will ye dree for that?
My dear son, now tell me, O.'—
'I'll set my feet in yonder boat,
Mither, mither;
I'll set my feet in yonder boat,
And I'll fare over the sea, O.'

'And what will ye do wi' your tow'rs and your ha',
Edward, Edward?
And what will ye do wi' your tow'rs and your ha',
That were sae fair to see, O?'—
'I'll let them stand till they doun fa',
Mither, mither;
I'll let them stand till they doun fa',
For here never mair maun I be, O.'

'And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife,
Edward, Edward?
And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife
When ye gang owre the sea, O?'—

'The warld's room: let them beg through life,
Mither, mither;
The warld's room: let them beg through life;
For them never mair will I see, O.'

'And what will ye leave to your ain mither dear,
Edward, Edward?
And what will ye leave to your ain mither dear,
My dear son, now tell me, O?'—
'The curse of hell frae me sall ye bear,
Mither, mither;
The curse of hell frae me sall ye bear:
Sic counsels ye gave to me, O!'

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG

OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728–1774)

GOOD people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends ;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
The wondering neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
To every Christian eye ;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rogues they lied,
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

EDWIN AND ANGELINA

'Turn, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

'For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow ;
Where wilds immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go.'

'Forbear, my son,' the hermit cries,
'To tempt the dangerous gloom ;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

'Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still;
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

'Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows;
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

'No flocks that range the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn:
Taught by that power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.

'But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

'Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forgo;
All earth-born cares are wrong:
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.'

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell;
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Required a master's care;
The wicket, opening with a latch,
Received the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The hermit trimmed his little fire,
And cheered his pensive guest ;

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily pressed, and smiled ;
And, skilled in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguiled.

Around, in sympathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries ;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe ;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spied,
With answering care oppressed :
'And whence, unhappy youth,' he cried,
'The sorrows of thy breast ?

'From better habitations spurned,
Reluctant dost thou rove ?
Or grieve for friendship unreturned,
Or unregarded love ?

'Alas ! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay ;
And those who prize the paltry things
More trifling still than they.

'And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep ?

'And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair one's jest:
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

'For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex,' he said:
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betrayed.

Surprised, he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view;
Like colours o'er the morning skies
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms:
The lovely stranger stands confessed
A maid in all her charms.

'And ah! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn,' she cried,
'Whose feet unhallowed thus intrude
Where heaven and you reside.

'But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

'My father lived beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was marked as mine,
He had but only me.

'To win me from his tender arms
Unnumbered suitors came;
Who praised me for imputed charms,
And felt or feigned a flame.

'Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove;
Amongst the rest young Edwin bowed,
But never talked of love.

'In humblest, simplest habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had;
But these were all to me.

'And when beside me in the dale
He caroll'd lays of love;
His breath lent fragrance to the dale,
And music to the grove.

'The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refined,
Could nought of purity display,
To emulate his mind.

'The dew, the blossom on the tree,
With charms inconstant shine;
Their charms were his; but, woe to me!
Their constancy was mine.

'For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his passion touched my heart,
I triumphed in his pain.

'Till quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he died.

'But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay:
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

'And there, forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die:
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I.'

'Forbid it, Heaven!' the hermit cried,
And clasped her to his breast:
The wondering fair one turned to chide,
'Twas Edwin's self that prest!

'Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restored to love and thee.

'Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign;
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that 's mine?

'No, never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true;
The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too.'

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN

WILLIAM COWPER (1731–1800)

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear:
'Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

'To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

'My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we.'

He soon replied: 'I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

'I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go.'

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin: 'That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear.'

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin!

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again ;

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came ; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down stairs :
'The wine is left behind !'

'Good lack !' quoth he—'yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise.'

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul !)
Had two stone-bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then, over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, 'Fair and softly,' John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig!—
He little dreamt when he set out
Of running such a rig!

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung ;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all ;
And every soul cried out : ' Well done ! '
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he ?
His fame soon spread around—
' He carries weight ! he rides a race !
'Tis for a thousand pound ! '

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced ;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
And till he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay ;

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcóny spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

'Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house'—
They all at once did cry;
'The dinner waits, and we are tired!'
Said Gilpin: 'So am I!'

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why? his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

'What news? what news? your tidings tell—
Tell me you must and shall—
Say, why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?'

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:

'I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here—
They are upon the road.'

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig;
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit:
'My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

'But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face:
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.'

Said John: 'It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware.'

So, turning to his horse, he said:
'I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine.'

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast !
For which he paid full dear ;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear ;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig ;
He lost them sooner than at first ;
For why ?—they were too big !

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the Bell :
' This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well.'

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain ;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein ;

But, not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels !—
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry :

'Stop thief ! stop thief !—a highwayman !'
Not one of them was mute ;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space ;
The tollmen thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did—and won it too !—
For he got first to town ;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing—Long live the king,
And Gilpin long live he ;
And, when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see !

ON THE LOSS OF THE 'ROYAL GEORGE'

Toll for the brave !
The brave ! that are no more :
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore.
Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel
And laid her on her side ;
A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset ;
Down went the *Royal George*
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave—
Brave Kempenfelt is gone,
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.
It was not in the battle,
No tempest gave the shock,
She sprang no fatal leak,
She ran upon no rock ;
His sword was in the sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes,
And mingle with your cup
The tears that England owes ;
Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main ;
But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er ;
And he and his eight hundred
Must plough the wave no more.

BOADICEA

When the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath a spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief ;
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage, and full of grief.

'Princess! if our agèd eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

'Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

'Rome, for empire far renowned,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

'Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize—
Harmony the path to fame.

'Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

'Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway,
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.'

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending, as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow;
Rushed to battle, fought, and died;
Dying, hurled them at the foe.

'Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestowed,
Shame and ruin wait for you.'

THE MARINER'S WIFE

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE (1735–1788)

BUT are you sure the news is true?
And are you sure he 's well?
Is this a time to think o' wark?
Ye jades, fling by your wheel!
There 's nae luck about the house,
There 's nae luck at a';
There 's nae luck about the house
When our goodman's awa'!

Is this a time to think o' wark,
When Colin 's at the door?
Rax me my cloak! I'll down the Quay
And see him come ashore!
There 's nae luck about the house, &c.

Rise up, and make a clean fireside!
Put on the muckle pat!
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday's coat.
There 's nae luck about the house, &c.

Make their shoon as black as slaes,
Their stockings white as snaw.
It 's a' to pleasure our goodman,
He likes to see them braw!
There 's nae luck about the house, &c.

There are twa hens into the crib
Have fed this month and mair;
Make haste, and thraw their necks about,
That Colin well may fare.
There 's nae luck about the house, &c.

Bring down to me my bigonet,
My bishop-satin gown,
And then gae tell the bailie's wife
That Colin 's come to town.
There 's nae luck about the house, &c.

My Turkey slippers I'll put on,
My stockings pearl blue,
And a' to pleasure our goodman
For he 's baith leal and true.
There 's nae luck about the house, &c.

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue,
His breath 's like cauler air,
His very tread has music in 't,
As he comes up the stair !
There 's nae luck about the house, &c.

And will I see his face again ?
And will I hear him speak ?
I'm downright dizzy with the joy ;
In troth, I'm like to greet.
There 's nae luck about the house,
There 's nae luck at a' ;
There 's nae luck about the house
When our goodman's awa' !

TOM BOWLING

CHARLES DIBDIN (1745–1814)

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew ;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For Death has broached him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft ;
Faithful below he did his duty,
But now he 's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare ;
His friends were many and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair :
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah, many 's the time and oft !
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call Life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus Death, who kings and tars dispatches,
In vain Tom's life has doffed ;
For though his body 's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW

Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear
The mainmast by the board ;
My heart with thoughts of thee, my dear,
And love, well stored,
Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,
The roaring winds, the raging sea,
In hopes on shore
To be once more
Safe moor'd with thee !

Aloft, while mountains high we go,
The whistling winds that scud along,
And the surge roaring from below,
Shall my signal be,
To think on thee,
And this shall be my song :
Blow high, blow low, &c.

And on that night when all the crew
The mem'ry of their former lives
O'er flowing cans of flip renew,
And drink their sweethearts and their wives,
I'll heave a sigh, and think on thee ;
And, as the ship rolls through the sea,
The burthen of my song shall be—
Blow high, blow low, &c.

THE JOLLY YOUNG WATERMAN

And did you not hear of a jolly young waterman,
Who at Blackfriars Bridge used for to ply ;
And he feather'd his oars with such skill and dexterity,
Winning each heart and delighting each eye :
He look'd so neat and rowed so steadily,
The maidens all flocked in his boat so readily,
And he eyed the young rogues with so charming an air,
That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

What sights of fine folks he oft row'd in his wherry,
'Twas cleaned out so nice, and so painted withal,
He was always first oars when the fine city ladies
In a party to Ranelagh went, or Vauxhall.
And oftentimes would they be giggling and leering,
But 'twas all one to Tom, their jibing and jeering,
For loving, or liking, he little did care,
For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

And yet, but to see how strangely things happen ;
As he row'd along, thinking of nothing at all,
He was plied by a damsel so lovely and charming,
That she smil'd and so straightway in love he did fall.
And would this young damsel but banish his sorrow,
He'd wed her to-night before to-morrow,
And how should this waterman ever know care,
When he's married and never in want of a fare ?

GAFFER GRAY

THOMAS HOLCROFT (1745–1809)

Ho, why dost thou shiver and shake,
Gaffer Gray?
And why does thy nose look so blue?
'Tis the weather that's cold,
'Tis I'm grown very old,
And my doublet is not very new,
Well-a-day!'

Then line thy worn doublet with ale,
Gaffer Gray;
And warm thy old heart with a glass.
'Nay, but credit I've none,
And my money's all gone;
Then say how may that come to pass?
Well-a-day!'

Hie away to the house on the brow,
Gaffer Gray;
And knock at the jolly priest's door.
'The priest often preaches
Against worldly riches,
But ne'er gives a mite to the poor,
Well-a-day!'

The lawyer lives under the hill,
Gaffer Gray;
Warmly fenced both in back and in front.
'He will fasten his locks,
And will threaten the stocks,
Should he ever more find me in want,
Well-a-day!'

The squire has fat beeves and brown ale,
Gaffer Gray;
And the season will welcome you there.
'His fat beeves and his beer,
And his merry new year,
Are all for the flush and the fair,
Well-a-day!'

My keg is but low, I confess,
Gaffer Gray ;
What then ? While it lasts, man, we'll live.
' The poor man alone,
When he hears the poor moan,
Of his morsel a morsel will give,
Well-a-day ! '

AULD ROBIN GRAY

LADY ANNE LINDSAY (afterwards BARNARD) (1750–1825)

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, when the cows come hame,
When a' the weary warld to quiet rest are gane,
The woes of my heart fa' in showers frae my ee
Unkenned by my gudeman, who soundly sleeps by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and sought me for his bride ;
But saving ae crown-piece he'd naething else beside.
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea ;
And the crown and the pound, oh ! they were baith for me !

Before he had been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
My father brak his arm, our cow was stown away ;
My mother she fell sick—my Jamie was at sea—
And Auld Robin Gray, oh ! he came a-courting me.

My father cou'dna work—my mother cou'dna spin ;
I toiled day and night, but their bread I cou'dna win ;
And Rob maintained them baith, and wi' tears in his ee
Said, ' Jenny, oh ! for their sakes, will you marry me ? '

My heart it said na, and I looked for Jamie back ;
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack ;
His ship it was a wrack ! Why didna Jenny dee ?
Or wherefore am I spared to cry out, Woe is me ?

My father argued sair—my mother didna speak,
But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break ;
They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea ;
And so Auld Robin Gray, he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—for I cou'dna think it he,
Till he said : ' I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee ! '

Oh sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say of a',
Ae kiss we took, nae mair—I bade him gang awa,
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee ;
For O, I am but young to cry out, Woe is me !

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin ;
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin.
But I will do my best a gude wife ay to be,
For Auld Robin Gray, oh ! he is sae kind to me.

HERE 'S TO THE MAIDEN

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN (1751–1816)

HERE 's to the maiden of bashful fifteen ;
Here 's to the widow of fifty ;
Here 's to the flaunting extravagant quean,
And here 's to the housewife that 's thrifty.

Chorus.

Let the toast pass,—
Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here 's to the charmer whose dimples we prize ;
Now to the maid who has none, sir :
Here 's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
And here 's to the nymph with but *one*, sir.

Chorus. Let the toast pass, &c.

Here 's to the maid with a bosom of snow ;
Now to her that 's as brown as a berry :
Here 's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And now to the girl that is merry.

Chorus. Let the toast pass, &c.

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather ;
So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,
And let us e'en toast them together,
Let the toast pass,—
Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

BRISTOW TRAGEDY

THOMAS CHATTERTON (1752–1770)

THE feathered songster chanticleer
Had wound his bugle-horn,
And told the early villager
The coming of the morn :

King Edward saw the ruddy streaks
Of light eclipse the gray ;
And heard the raven's croaking throat
Proclaim the fated day.

' Thou'rt right,' quoth he, ' for, by the God
That sits enthroned on high !
Charles Bawdin, and his fellows twain,
To-day shall surely die.'

Then with a jug of nappy ale
His knights did on him wait ;
'Go tell the traitor, that to-day
He leaves this mortal state.'

Sir Canterlone then bended low,
With heart brimful of woe ;
He journeyed to the castle-gate,
And to Sir Charles did go.

But when he came, his children twain,
And eke his loving wife,
With briny tears did wet the floor,
For good Sir Charles's life.

'O good Sir Charles ! ' said Canterlone,
'Bad tidings I do bring.'
'Speak boldly, man,' said brave Sir Charles,
'What says thy traitor-king ? '

'I grieve to tell, before yon sun
Does from the welkin fly,
He hath upon his honour sworn,
That thou shalt surely die.'

'We all must die,' quoth brave Sir Charles ;
'Of that I'm not afraid ;
What boots to live a little space ?
Thank Jesus, I'm prepared :

'But tell thy king, for mine he 's not,
I'd sooner die to-day
Than live his slave, as many are,
Though I should live for aye.'

Then Canterlone he did go out,
To tell the mayor straight
To get all things in readiness
For good Sir Charles's fate.

Then Mr. Canynge sought the king,
And fell down on his knee ;
'I'm come,' quoth he, 'unto your grace,
To move your clemency.'

Then quoth the king, 'Your tale speak out,
You have been much our friend ;
Whatever your request may be,
We will to it attend.'

'My noble liege ! all my request
Is for a noble knight,
Who, though mayhap he has done wrong,
He thought it still was right :

'He has a spouse and children twain,
All ruined are for aye ;
If that you are resolved to let
Charles Bawdin die to-day.'

'Speak not of such a traitor vile,'
The king in fury said ;
'Before the evening-star doth shine,
Bawdin shall lose his head :

'Justice does loudly for him call,
And he shall have his meed :
Speak, Mr. Canynge ! what thing else
At present do you need ? '

'My noble liege ! ' good Canynge said,
'Leave justice to our God,
And lay the iron rule aside ;
Be thine the olive rod.

'Was God to search our hearts and reins,
The best were sinners great ;
Christ's vicar only knows no sin,
In all this mortal state.

'Let mercy rule thine infant reign,
'Twill fast thy crown full sure;
From race to race thy family
All sovereigns shall endure:

'But if with blood and slaughter thou
Begin thy infant reign,
Thy crown upon thy children's brows
Will never long remain.'

'Canynge, away! this traitor vile
Has scorned my power and me;
How canst thou then for such a man
Entreat my clemency?'

'My noble liege! the truly brave
Will valorous actions prize,
Respect a brave and noble mind,
Although in enemies.'

'Canynge, away! By God in heaven
That did me being give,
I will not taste a bit of bread
Whilst this Sir Charles doth live.

'By Mary, and all saints in heaven,
This sun shall be his last.'
Then Canynge dropped a briny tear,
And from the presence passed.

With heart brimful of gnawing grief,
He to Sir Charles did go,
And sat him down upon a stool,
And tears began to flow.

'We all must die,' quoth brave Sir Charles;
'What boots it how or when;
Death is the sure, the certain fate
Of all we mortal men.

'Say why, my friend, thy honest soul
Runs over at thine eye;
Is it for my most welcome doom
That thou dost child-like cry?'

Quoth godly Canynge, 'I do weep,
That thou so soon must die,
And leave thy sons and helpless wife;
'Tis this that wets mine eye.'

'Then dry the tears that out thine eye
From godly fountains spring;
Death I despise, and all the power
Of Edward, traitor-king.

'When through the tyrant's welcome means
I shall resign my life,
The God I serve will soon provide
For both my sons and wife.

'Before I saw the lightsome sun,
This was appointed me;
Shall mortal man repine or grudge
What God ordains to be?

'How oft in battle have I stood,
When thousands died around;
When smoking streams of crimson blood
Imbrued the fattened ground:

'How did I know that every dart,
That cut the airy way,
Might not find passage to my heart,
And close mine eyes for aye?

'And shall I now, for fear of death,
Look wan and be dismayed?
No! from my heart fly childish fear,
Be all the man displayed.

'Ah, godlike Henry! God forfend,
And guard thee and thy son,
If 'tis His will; but if 'tis not,
Why then His will be done.

'My honest friend, my fault has been
To serve God and my prince;
And that I no time-server am,
My death will soon convince.

'In London city was I born,
Of parents of great note;
My father did a noble arms
Emblazon on his coat:

'I make no doubt but he is gone
Where soon I hope to go;
Where we for ever shall be blest,
From out the reach of woe:

'He taught me justice and the laws
With pity to unite;
And eke he taught me how to know
The wrong cause from the right:

He taught me with a prudent hand
To feed the hungry poor,
Nor let my servants drive away
The hungry from my door:

'And none can say but all my life
I have his wordis kept;
And summed the actions of the day
Each night before I slept.

'I have a spouse, go ask of her,
If I defiled her bed?
I have a king, and none can lay
Black treason on my head.

'In Lent, and on the holy eve,
From flesh I did refrain;
Why should I then appear dismayed
To leave this world of pain?

'No! hapless Henry! I rejoice,
I shall not see thy death;
Most willingly in thy just cause
Do I resign my breath.

'Oh, fickle people! ruined land!
Thou wilt ken peace no mo;
While Richard's sons exalt themselves,
Thy brooks with blood will flow.

'Say, were ye tired of godly peace,
And godly Henry's reign,
That you did chop your easy days
For those of blood and pain?

'What though I on a sledge be drawn,
And mangled by a hind,
I do defy the traitor's power,
He cannot harm my mind;

'What though, uphoisted on a pole,
My limbs shall rot in air,
And no rich monument of brass
Charles Bawdin's name shall bear;

'Yet in the holy book above,
Which time can't eat away,
There with the servants of the Lord
My name shall live for aye.

'Then welcome death, for life eterne
I leave this mortal life:
Farewell, vain world, and all that's dear,
My sons and loving wife!

'Now death as welcome to me comes,
As e'er the month of May;
Nor would I even wish to live,
With my dear wife to stay.

Quoth Canynge, 'Tis a goodly thing
To be prepared to die;
And from this world of pain and grief
To God in heaven to fly.'

And now the bell began to toll,
And clarions to sound;
Sir Charles he heard the horses' feet
A-prancing on the ground:

And just before the officers,
His loving wife came in,
Weeping unfeignèd tears of woe,
With loud and dismal din.

'Sweet Florence! now I pray forbear,
In quiet let me die;
Pray God, that every Christian soul
May look on death as I.

'Sweet Florence! why these briny tears?
They wash my soul away,
And almost make me wish for life,
With thee, sweet dame, to stay.

''Tis but a journey I shall go
Unto the land of bliss;
Now, as a proof of husband's love,
Receive this holy kiss.'

Then Florence, faltering in her say,
Trembling these wordis spoke,
'Ah, cruel Edward! bloody king!
My heart is well nigh broke:

'Ah, sweet Sir Charles! why wilt thou go,
Without thy loving wife?
The cruel axe that cuts thy neck,
It eke shall end my life.'

And now the officers came in
To bring Sir Charles away,
Who turnèd to his loving wife,
And thus to her did say:

'I go to life, and not to death;
Trust thou in God above,
And teach thy sons to fear the Lord,
And in their hearts Him love:

'Teach them to run the noble race
That I their father run:
Florence! should death thee take—adieu!
Ye officers, lead on.'

Then Florence raved as any mad,
And did her tresses tear;
'Oh! stay, my husband! lord! and life!'—
Sir Charles then dropped a tear.

Till tirèd out with raving loud,
She fell upon the floor;
Sir Charles exerted all his might,
And marched from out the door.

Upon a sledge he mounted then,
With looks full brave and sweet;
Looks, that enshone no more concern
Than any in the street.

Before him went the council-men,
In scarlet robes and gold,
And tassels spangling in the sun,
Much glorious to behold:

The friars of Saint Augustine next
Appearèd to the sight,
All clad in homely russet weeds,
Of godly monkish plight :

In different parts a godly psalm
Most sweetly they did chant ;
Behind their backs six minstrels came,
Who tuned the strange bataunt.

Then five-and-twenty archers came ;
Each one the bow did bend,
From rescue of King Henry's friends
Sir Charles for to defend.

Bold as a lion came Sir Charles,
Drawn on a cloth-laid sledge,
By two black steeds in trappings white
With plumes upon their head :

Behind him five-and-twenty more
Of archers strong and stout,
With bended bow each one in hand.
Marchèd in goodly rout :

Saint James's friars marched next,
Each one his part did chant ;
Behind their backs six minstrels came
Who tuned the strange bataunt :

Then came the mayor and aldermen,
In cloth of scarlet decked ;
And their attending men each one,
Like eastern princes tricked :

And after them, a multitude
Of citizens did throng ;
The windows were all full of heads,
As he did pass along.

And when he came to the high cross,
Sir Charles did turn and say,
'O Thou, that savest man from sin,
Wash my soul clean this day!'

At the great minster window sat
The king in mickle state,
To see Charles Bawdin go along
To his most welcome fate.

Soon as the sledge drew nigh enough,
That Edward he might hear,
The brave Sir Charles he did stand up,
And thus his words declare:

'Thou seest me, Edward! traitor vile!
Exposed to infamy;
But be assured, disloyal man!
I'm greater now than thee.

'By foul proceedings, murder, blood,
Thou wearest now a crown;
And hast appointed me to die,
By power not thine own.

'Thou thinkest I shall die to-day;
I have been dead till now,
And soon shall live to wear a crown
For aye upon my brow:

'Whilst thou, perhaps, for some few years,
Shalt rule this fickle land,
To let them know how wide the rule
'Twixt king and tyrant hand:

'Thy power unjust, thou traitor slave!
Shall fall on thy own head'—
From out of hearing of the king
Departed then the sledge.

King Edward's soul rushed to his face,
He turned his head away,
And to his brother Gloucester
He thus did speak and say :

'To him that so-much-dreaded death
No ghastly terrors bring,
Behold the man ! he spake the truth,
He 's greater than a king ! '

'So let him die ! ' Duke Richard said ;
'And may each one our foes
Bend down their necks to bloody axe,
And feed the carrion crows.'

And now the horses gently drew
Sir Charles up the high hill ;
The axe did glister in the sun,
His precious blood to spill.

Sir Charles did up the scaffold go,
As up a gilded car
Of victory, by valorous chiefs
Gained in the bloody war :

And to the people he did say,
'Behold you see me die,
For serving loyally my king,
My king most rightfully.

'As long as Edward rules this land,
No quiet you will know ;
Your sons and husbands shall be slain,
And brooks with blood shall flow.

'You leave your good and lawful king
When in adversity ;
Like me, unto the true cause stick,
And for the true cause die.'

Then he, with priests, upon his knees,
A prayer to God did make,
Beseeching Him unto Himself
His parting soul to take.

Then, kneeling down, he laid his head
Most seemly on the block ;
Which from his body fair at once
The able headsman stroke :

And out the blood began to flow,
And round the scaffold twine ;
And tears, enough to wash 't away,
Did flow from each man's eyne.

The bloody axe his body fair
Into four partis cut ;
And every part, and eke his head,
Upon a pole was put.

One part did rot on Kinwulph-hill,
One on the minster-tower,
And one from off the castle-gate
The crowen did devour :

The other on Saint Paul's good gate,
A dreary spectacle ;
His head was placed on the high cross,
In high street most noble.

Thus was the end of Bawdin's fate :
God prosper long our king,
And grant he may, with Bawdin's soul,
In heaven God's mercy sing !

MINSTREL'S SONG IN ELLA

Oh sing unto my roundelay ;
Oh drop the briny tear with me ;
Dance no more on holiday ;
Like a running river be !
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree !

Black his hair as the winter night,
White his throat as the summer snow,
Red his cheek as the morning light,
Cold he lies in the grave below.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree!

Sweet his tongue as the throstle's note;
Quick in dance as thought can be;
Deft his tabor, cudgel stout,
Oh, he lies by the willow tree.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree!

Hark! the raven flaps his wing
In the briery dell below;
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing,
To the night-mares as they go.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree!

See! the white moon shines on high;
Whiter is my true love's shroud;
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree!

Here, upon my true love's grave,
Shall the barren flowers be laid;
Not one holy saint to save
All the coldness of a maid.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree!

With my hands I'll twist the briers
Round his holy corpse to gree ;
Elfin fairy, light your fires,
Here my body still shall be.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree !

Come, with acorn-cup and thorn,
Drain my heartis blood away ;
Life and all its good I scorn,
Dance by night, or feast by day,
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree !

Water-witches, crowned with reeds,
Bear me to your deadly tide.
I die ! I come ! my true love waits !—
Thus the damsel spoke, and died.

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS

ANONYMOUS

SOME talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules,
Of Hector and Lysander, and such great names as these ;
But of all the world's brave heroes, there 's none that can compare
With a tow row row row row row, for the British Grenadier.

Those heroes of antiquity ne'er saw a cannon-ball,
Or knew the force of powder to slay their foes withal ;
But our brave boys do know it, and banish all their fears,
Sing tow row row row row row, for the British Grenadiers.

Whene'er we are commanded to storm the palisades,
Our leaders march with fusees, and we with hand grenades ;
We throw them from the glacis about the enemies' ears,
Sing tow row row row row row, the British Grenadiers.

And when the siege is over, we to the town repair,
The townsmen cry, Hurrah, boys, here comes a Grenadier,
Here comes the Grenadiers, my boys, who know no doubts or fears,
Sing tow row row row row row, the British Grenadiers.

Then let us fill a bumper, and drink a health to those
Who carry caps and pouches, and wear the loupèd clothes ;
May they and their commanders live happy all their years,
With a tow row row row row row, for the British Grenadiers.

HIGH GERMANY

O Polly, Love, O Polly, the rout has now begun,
And we must march away at the beating of the drum ;
Go dress yourself in all your best and come along with me,
I'll take you to the cruel wars in High Germany.

O Harry, O Harry, you mind what I do say,
My feet they are so tender I cannot march away,
And besides, my dearest Harry, though I'm in love with thee,
How am I fit for cruel wars in High Germany ?

I'll buy you a horse, my Love, and on it you shall ride,
And all my heart's delight shall be riding by your side ;
We'll call at every ale-house, and drink when we are dry,
So quickly on the road, my Love, we'll marry by and by.
O cursèd were the cruel wars that ever they should rise,
And out of merry England press many a lad likewise !
They pressed young Harry from me, likewise my brothers three,
And sent them to the cruel wars in High Germany.

COME LASSES AND LADS

Come lasses and lads, get leave of your dads,
And away to the Maypole hie,
For every he has got him a she,
And the fiddler's standing by ;
For Willie shall dance with Jane,
And Johnny has got his Joan,
To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it up and down.
Chorus. To trip it, &c.

' You're out,' says Dick ; ' Not I,' says Nick,
' 'Twas the fiddler played it wrong ; '
' 'Tis true,' says Hugh, and so says Sue,
And so says every one.
The fiddler then began
To play the tune again,
And every girl did trip it, trip it, trip it to the men.
Chorus. And every girl, &c.

And there they sat until it was late,
And tired the fiddler quite
With singing and playing, without any paying,
From morning until night.

They told the fiddler then,
They'd pay him for his play,
And each a twopence, twopence, twopence, gave him and went away.
Chorus. And each a, &c.

'Good-night,' says Harry; 'Good-night,' says Mary;
'Good-night,' says Poll to John;
'Good-night,' says Sue; 'Good-night,' says Hugh;
'Good-night,' says every one.
Some walked and some did run,
Some loitered on the way,
And bound themselves by kisses twelve, to meet next holiday.
Chorus. And bound themselves, &c.

WIDDICOMBE FAIR

Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, lend me your grey mare,
All along, down along, out along, lee,
For I want for to go to Widdicombe Fair,
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney,
Peter Davey, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawke,
Chorus. Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all.'

'And when shall I see again my grey mare?'
All along, down along, out along, lee,
'By Friday soon, or Saturday noon,
Wi' Bill Brewer, &c.

Then Friday came, and Saturday noon,
All along, down along, out along, lee,
But Tom Pearce's old mare hath not trotted home,
Wi' Bill Brewer, &c.

So Tom Pearce he got up to the top o' the hill
All along, down along, out along, lee,
And he seed his old mare down a-making her will,
Wi' Bill Brewer, &c.

So Tom Pearce's old mare, her took sick and died,
All along, down along, out along, lee,
And Tom he sat down on a stone, and he cried
Wi' Bill Brewer, &c.

But this isn't the end o' this shocking affair,
All along, down along, out along, lee,
Nor, though they be dead, of the horrid career
Of Bill Brewer, &c.

When the wind whistles cold on the moor of a night,
All along, down along, out along, lee,
Tom Pearce's old mare doth appear, gashly white,
Wi' Bill Brewer, &c.

And all the long night be heard skirling and groans,
All along, down along, out along, lee,
From Tom Pearce's old mare in her rattling bones,
And from Bill Brewer, &c.

THE MERMAID

One Friday morn when we set sail,
And our ship not far from land,
We there did espy a pretty fair maid,
With a comb and a glass in her hand. (*twice*)
While the raging seas did roar,
And the stormy winds did blow,
And we jolly sailor boys were all up aloft
And the land-lubbers lying down below. (*twice*)

Then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship,
And a well-spoken captain was he,
'' For the loss of our long boat we all shall be lost,
And go to the bottom of the sea.'
For the raging seas did roar, &c.

Then up spoke the mate so sturdy for to view,
And a well-spoken mate was he,
' I've married a wife in fair London town,
And to-night she will weep for me.'
For the raging seas did roar, &c.

Then up spoke the cook with his ladle in his hand,
And a well-spoken cook was he,
'I care no more for the pots and the pans
Than I do for the galleys of the sea.'
For the raging seas did roar, &c.

And then up spoke the little cabin boy,
And a well-spoken cabin boy was he,
'I've a father and mother in fair Portsmouth town,
And to-night they will weep for me.'
For the raging seas did roar, &c.

Then three times round went our gallant ship,
And three times round went she,
And she gave one whirl, and she gave one twirl,
As she sank to the bottom of the sea.
For the raging seas did roar, &c.

THE MILLER OF THE DEE

There was a jolly miller once
Lived on the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than he.
And this the burden of his song
For ever used to be—
'I care for nobody, no, not I,
If nobody cares for me.

'I live by my mill, God bless her!
She 's kindred, child, and wife;
I would not change my station
For any other in life.
No lawyer, surgeon, or doctor,
E'er had a groat from me—
I care for nobody, no, not I,
If nobody cares for me.'

When Spring begins its merry career
Oh! how his heart grows gay;
No Summer drought alarms his fears,
Nor Winter's sad decay;
No foresight mars the miller's joy,
Who 's wont to sing and say—
Let others toil from year to year,
I live from day to day.

Thus, like the miller, bold and free,
Let us rejoice and sing;
The days of youth are made for glee,
And time is on the wing.
This song shall pass from me to thee,
Along this jovial ring—
Let heart and voice and all agree
To say 'Long live the king.'

THE PIPER

WILLIAM BLAKE (1757–1827)

PIPING down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:

'Pipe a song about a Lamb!'
So I piped with merry cheer.
'Piper, pipe that song again;'
So I piped: he wept to hear.

'Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer:'
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

'Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book, that all may read.'
So he vanish'd from my sight,
And I pluck'd a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stain'd the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

OLD ENGLISH HOSPITALITY

This city and this country has brought forth many mayors
To sit in state, and give forth laws out of their old oak chairs,
With face as brown as any nut with drinking of strong ale—
Good English hospitality, O then it did not fail!

With scarlet gowns and broad gold lace, would make a yeoman sweat;
With stockings roll'd above their knees and shoes as black as jet;
With eating beef and drinking beer, O they were stout and hale—
Good English hospitality, O then it did not fail!

Thus sitting at the table wide the mayor and aldermen
Were fit to give law to the city; each eat as much as ten:
The hungry poor enter'd the hall to eat good beef and ale—
Good English hospitality, O then it did not fail!

HOLY THURSDAY

'Twas on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean,
The children walking two and two, in red and blue and green,
Grey-headed beadles walk'd before, with wands as white as snow,
Till into the high dome of Paul's they like Thames' waters flow.

O what a multitude they seem'd, these flowers of London town !
Seated in companies they sit with radiance all their own.
The hum of multitudes was there, but multitudes of lambs,
Thousands of little boys and girls raising their innocent hands.
Now like a mighty wind they raise to Heaven the voice of song,
Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of Heaven among.
Beneath them sit the agèd men, wise guardians of the poor ;
Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from your door.

THE SHEPHERD

How sweet is the Shepherd's sweet lot !
From the morn to the evening he strays ;
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be fillèd with praise.

For he hears the lamb's innocent call,
And he hears the ewe's tender reply ;
He is watchful while they are in peace,
For they know when their Shepherd is nigh.

THE LAMB

Little Lamb, who made thee ?
Dost thou know who made thee ?
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed,
By the stream and o'er the mead ;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright ;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice ?
Little Lamb, who made thee ?
Dost thou know who made thee ?

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee :
He is callèd by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild ;
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are callèd by His name.
Little Lamb, God bless thee !
Little Lamb, God bless thee !

THE TIGER

Tiger ! Tiger ! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry ?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes ?
On what wings dare he aspire ?
What the hand dare seize the fire ?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart ?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand ? and what dread feet ?

What the hammer ? what the chain ?
In what furnace was thy brain ?
What the anvil ? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp ?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see ?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee ?

Tiger ! Tiger ! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry ?

SCOTS WHA HAE

ROBERT BURNS (1759–1796)

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has often led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie.

Now 's the day, and now 's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour!
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's King and Law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa'?
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty 's in every blow!
Let us do or die!

FOR A' THAT

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!

For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that ;
The rank is but the guinea stamp ;
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-grey, and a' that ;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man 's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that ;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that ;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He 's but a coof for a' that :
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, an' a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that ;
But an honest man 's aboon his might,
Guid faith he mauna fa' that !
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that ;
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, an' a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It 's comin' yet, for a' that,
That man to man the warld o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that.

MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED RED ROSE

My love is like a red red rose
That 's newly sprung in June :
My love is like the melodie
That 's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in love am I :
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun :
And I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only love,
And fare thee weel awhile !
And I will come again, my love,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile !

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE

O, JENNY 's a' weet, poor body,
Jenny 's seldom dry ;
She draigl't a' her petticoatie,
Comin' thro' the rye !

Comin' thro' the rye, poor body,
Comin' thro' the rye,
She draigl't a' her petticoatie,
Comin' thro' the rye !

Gin a body meet a body—
Comin' thro' the rye ;
Gin a body kiss a body—
Need a body cry ?

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' thro' the glen,
Gin a body kiss a body—
Need the warld ken ?

O, Jenny 's a' weet, poor body ;
Jenny 's seldom dry ;
She draigl't a' her petticoatie,
Comin' thro' the rye !

PHILLIS THE FAIR

While larks with little wing
Fann'd the pure air,
Tasting the breathing spring,
Forth I did fare :
Gay the sun's golden eye
Peep'd o'er the mountains high ;
Such thy morn ! did I cry,
Phillis the fair.

In each bird's careless song
Glad did I share ;
While yon wild flowers among,
Chance led me there :
Sweet to the opening day,
Rosebuds bent the dewy spray ;
Such thy bloom ! did I say,
Phillis the fair.

Down in a shady walk,
Doves cooing were,
I mark'd the cruel hawk
Caught in a snare ;
So kind may Fortune be,
Such make his destiny,
He who would injure thee,
Phillis the fair.

AE FOND KISS

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever !
Ae fareweel, and then for ever !
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Who shall say that fortune grieves him
While the star of hope she leaves him ?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me,
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy ;
But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest !
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest !
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure.
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever ;
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever !
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

MY BONNIE MARY

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
An' fill it in a silver tassie ;
That I may drink, before I go,
A service to my bonny lassie.
That boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the ferry,
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are rankèd ready ;
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody ;

But it 's no the roar o' sea or shore
Wad mak me langer wish to tarry ;
Nor shouts o' war that 's heard afar,
It 's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

AFTON WATER

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise ;
My Mary 's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear winding rills ;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow ;
There oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides ;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays ;
My Mary 's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

FOR THE SAKE OF SOMEBODY

My heart is sair, I dare na tell,
My heart is sair for somebody ;
I could wake a winter night,
For the sake o' somebody !
Oh-hon ! for somebody !
Oh-hey ! for somebody !
I could range the world around,
For the sake o' somebody.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
O, sweetly smile on somebody !
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my somebody.
Oh-hon ! for somebody !
Oh-hey ! for somebody !
I wad do—what wad I not ?
For the sake o' somebody !

WHISTLE, AN' I'LL COME TO YE, LAD

O, WHISTLE an' I'll come to ye, my lad ;
O, whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad :
Tho' father an' mother an' a' should gae mad,
O, whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad !

But warily tent, when ye come to court me,
And come nae unless the black-yett be a-jee ;
Syne up the back-stile, and let naebody see,
And come as ye were na comin' to me,
O, whistle and I'll come to you, &c.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd na a flie :
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black ee,
Yet look as ye were na lookin' to me,
O, whistle an' I'll come to you, &c.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee ;
But court na anither, tho' jokin' ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me,
O, whistle an' I'll come to you, &c.

O, whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad ;
O, whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad :
Tho' father an' mother an' a' should gae mad,
O, whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad.

THE DE'IL 'S AWA' WI' THE EXCISEMAN

The De'il cam fiddling thro' the town,
And danced awa wi' the Exciseman ;
And ilka wife cried 'Auld Mahoun,
We wish you luck o' your prize, man.

We'll mak our maut, and brew our drink,
We'll dance, and sing, and rejoice, man ;
And mony thanks to the muckle black De'il
That danced awa wi' the Exciseman.

'There 's threesome reels, and foursome reels
There 's hornpipes and strathspeys, man ;
But the ae best dance e'er cam to our lan',
Was—the De'il 's awa wi' the Exciseman.

We'll mak our maut, and brew our drink
We'll dance, and sing, and rejoice, man ;
And mony thanks to the muckle black De'il
That danced awa wi' the Exciseman.'

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS

Now nature cleeds the flowery lea,
And a' is young and sweet like thee ;
O wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
And say thou'lt be my dearie O ?
Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks ?
Wilt thou be my dearie O ?

And when the welcome simmer-shower
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
We'll to the breathing woodbine bower
At sultry noon, my dearie O.
Lassie wi' the lint-white locks, &c.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's hameward way,
Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,
And talk o' love, my dearie O.
Lassie wi' the lint-white locks, &c.

And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest ;
Enclaspèd to my faithfu' breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie O.
Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks ?
Wilt thou be my dearie O ?

I LOVE MY JEAN

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best :
There 's wild woods grow, and rivers row
And mony a hill between ;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair :
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air :
There 's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green ;
There 's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean,

THE HAPPY TRIO

O, WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan cam to see ;
Three blyther hearts, that lee-lang night,
Ye wad na found in Christendie.

We are na fou, we're no that fou,
But just a drappie in our ee :
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys, I trow, are we ;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to be !

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That 's blinkin' in the lift sae hie ;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But, by my sooth ! she'll wait a wee.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cuckold, coward loun is he !
Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
He is the King among us three !

We are na fou, we're no that fou,
But just a drappie in our ee :
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO

JOHN ANDERSON my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent ;

But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snow ;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither ;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither :

Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a lo'esome wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer,
And neist my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine.

The warld's wrack, we share o't,
The warstle and the care o't ;
Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,
And think my lot divine.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a lo'esome wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

DUNCAN GRAY

Duncan Gray came here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
On blythe Yule night when we were fou,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Maggie coost her head fu' heigh,
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh ;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd ;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',
Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn ;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie die ?
She may gae to -France for me !
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Meg grew sick as he grew haill,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings ;
And O, her een they spak sic things !
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Duncan couldna be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath ;
Now they're crouse and cantie baith !
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

MY AIN KIND DEARIE O

When o'er the hill the eastern star
Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo;
And owsen frae the furrow'd field
Return sae dowf and wearie O;
Down by the burn, where scented birks
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie O,
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
My ain kind dearie O.
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,
And I were ne'er sae wearie O,
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
Along the burn to steer, my jo;
Gie me the hour o' gloamin' grey,
It maks my heart sae cheery O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

O, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST

O, wert thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee.
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert were a Paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there.
Or were a monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

JOHN BARLEYCORN

THERE was three Kings into the east,
Three Kings both great and high,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him down
Put clods upon his head,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful Spring came kindly on,
And show'rs began to fall ;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surpris'd them all.

The sultry suns of Summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober Autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale ;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age ;
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

They've ta'en a weapon, long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee ;
And tied him fast upon the cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore ;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They fillèd up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
They heavèd in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe,
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones ;
But a miller us'd him worst of all,
For he crush'd him between two stones.

And they hae ta'en his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round ;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise,
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise ;

'Twill make a man forget his woe ;
'Twill heighten all his joy ;
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Tho' the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand ;
And may his great prosperity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland !

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min' ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne ?

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne !

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine ;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl'd i' the burn
From morning sun till dine,
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.

And there 's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie 's a hand o' thine,
And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine,
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne !

DEAR IS MY LITTLE NATIVE VALE

SAMUEL ROGERS (1763–1855)

DEAR is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds and murmurs there;
Close by my cot she tells her tale
To every passing villager.
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange-groves and myrtle-bowers,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours
With my loved lute's romantic sound;
Or crowns of living laurel weave
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet danced in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay
Sung in the silent greenwood shade;
These simple joys, that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

A WISH

MINE be a cot beside the hill;
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch,
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village-church beneath the trees,
Where first our marriage-vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to Heaven.

THE FAKENHAM GHOST

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD (1766–1823)

THE lawns were dry in Euston park;
(Here Truth inspires my tale)
The lonely footpath, still and dark,
Led over hill and dale.

Benighted was an ancient dame,
And fearful haste she made
To gain the vale of Fakenham
And hail its willow shade.

Her footsteps knew no idle stops,
But followed faster still,
And echoed to the darksome copse
That whispered on the hill;

Where clamorous rooks, yet scarcely hushed,
Bespoke a peopled shade,
And many a wing the foliage brushed,
And hovering circuits made.

The dappled herd of grazing deer
That sought the shades by day,
Now started from her path with fear,
And gave the stranger way.

Darker it grew; and darker fears
Came o'er her troubled mind;
When now, a short quick step she hears
Come patting close behind.

She turned; it stopped!—nought could she see
Upon the gloomy plain!
But as she strove the sprite to flee,
She heard the same again.

Now terror seized her quaking frame,
For, where the path was bare,
The trotting Ghost kept on the same!
She muttered many a prayer.

Yet once again, amidst her fright,
She tried what sight could do;
When through the cheating glooms of night
A monster stood in view.

Regardless of whate'er she felt,
It followed down the plain!
She owned her sins, and down she knelt,
And said her prayers again.

Then on she sped; and hope grew strong,
The white park gate in view;
Which pushing hard, so long it swung
That Ghost and all passed through.

Loud fell the gate against the post!
Her heart-strings like to crack;
For much she feared the grisly Ghost
Would leap upon her back.

Still on, pat, pat, the goblin went,
As it had done before;
Her strength and resolution spent,
She fainted at the door.

Out came her husband, much surprised,
Out came her daughter dear;
Good-natured souls! all unadvised
Of what they had to fear.

The candle's gleam pierced through the night,
Some short space o'er the green;
And there the little trotting sprite
Distinctly might be seen.

An ass's foal had lost its dam
Within the spacious park ;
And simple as the playful lamb
Had followed in the dark.

No goblin he ; no imp of sin ;
No crimes had ever known.
They took the shaggy stranger in,
And reared him as their own.

His little hoofs would rattle round
Upon the cottage floor ;
The matron learned to love the sound
That frightened her before.

A favourite the Ghost became,
And 'twas his fate to thrive ;
And long he lived and spread his fame,
And kept the joke alive.

For many a laugh went through the vale ;
And some conviction too :
Each thought some other goblin tale,
Perhaps, was just as true.

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN

LADY NAIRNE (1766–1845)

THE Laird o' Cockpen he 's proud an' he 's great,
His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the State ;
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,
But favour wi' wooin' was fashious to seek.

Doon by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table head he thought she'd look well ;
M'Cleish's ae daughter, o' Clavers-ha' Lee,
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouther'd and as gude as new ;
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue ;
He put on a ring, a sword, an' cocked hat,
And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that ?

He took the grey mare, and rade cannilie,
An' rapped at the yett o' Clavers-ha' Lee;
'Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,—
She 's wanted to speak to the Laird o' Cockpen.'

Mistress Jean was makin' the elder-flow'r wine;
'An' what brings the Laird at sic a like time?'
She put aff her apron, and on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, an' gaed awa' doon.

An' when she cam' ben he bowèd fu' low,
An' what was his errand he soon let her know;
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said 'Na!'
An' wi' a laigh curtsie she turnèd awa'.

Dumfounder'd was he, nae sigh did he gi'e,
He mounted his mare—he rade cannilie;
An' aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen,
'She 's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen!'

CALLER HERRIN'

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';
Wha'll buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth?

When ye were sleepin' on your pillows,
Dreamed ye aught o' our puir fellows,
Darkling as they faced the billows,
A' to fill the woven willows?
Buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
They're no brought here without brave darin';
Buy my caller herrin',
Hauled thro' wind and rain.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ?
Oh, ye may ca' them vulgar farin' ;
Wives and mithers, maist despairin',
Ca' them lives o' men.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ? &c.

When the creel o' herrin' passes,
Ladies, clad in silks and laces,
Gather in their braw pelisses,
Cast their heads, and screw their faces.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ? &c.

Caller herrin 's no got lightly,
Ye can trip the spring fu' tightlie,
Spite o' tauntin', flauntin', flingin',
Gow has set you a' a-singin'.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ? &c.

Neebour wives ! now tent my tellin'
When the bonny fish ye're sellin',
At ae word be, in ye're dealin' !
Truth will stand, when a' thing 's failin' !
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'
New drawn frae the Forth ?

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING

Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darling,
Charlie is my darling, the young Chevalier.

'Twas on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year,
When Charlie came to our toun,
The young Chevalier.
Oh ! Charlie, &c.

As he came marching up the street,
The pipes play'd loud and clear,
And a' the folk came running out
To meet the Chevalier.
Oh ! Charlie, &c.

Wi' Hieland bonnets on their heads,
And claymores bright and clear,
They came to fight for Scotland's right,
And the young Chevalier.
Oh ! Charlie, &c.

They've left their bonnie Hieland hills,
Their wives and bairnies dear,
To draw the sword for Scotland's lord,
The young Chevalier.
Oh ! Charlie, &c.

Oh, there were mony beating hearts,
And mony a hope and fear ;
And mony were the pray'rs put up
For the young Chevalier.
Oh ! Charlie, &c.

THE KEEL ROW

ANONYMOUS

As I came thro' Sandgate,
Thro' Sandgate, thro' Sandgate,
As I came thro' Sandgate
I heard a lassie sing :
'O weel may the keel row,
The keel row, the keel row,
O weel may the keel row,
That my laddie 's in.'

O wha 's like my Johnny,
Sae leish, sae blythe, sae bonny ?
He 's foremost among the mony
Keel lads o' coaly Tyne :
He'll set and row so tightly,
Or in the dance—so sprightly—
He'll cut and shuffle sightly ;
'Tis true,—were he not mine.

He wears a blue bonnet,
Blue bonnet, blue bonnet ;
He wears a blue bonnet,—
And a dimple in his chin :
And weel may the keel row,
The keel row, the keel row ;
And weel may the keel row,
That my laddie 's in.

THE BLUE BELL OF SCOTLAND

Oh where, and oh where, is your Highland laddie gone ?
He 's gone to fight the French for King George upon the throne ;
And it 's oh, in my heart, how I wish him safe at home !

Oh where, and oh where, does your Highland laddie dwell ?
He dwells in merry Scotland, at the sign of the Blue Bell ;
And its oh, in my heart, that I love my laddie well.

In what clothes, in what clothes is your Highland laddie clad ?
His bonnet 's of the Saxon green, his waistcoat of the plaid ;
And it 's oh, in my heart, that I love my Highland lad.

Suppose, oh, suppose that your Highland lad should die ?
The bagpipes shall play over him, and I'll lay me down and cry ;
And it 's oh, in my heart, that I wish he may not die.

ROBIN ADAIR

What 's this dull town to me ?
Robin 's not near.
What was 't I wish'd to see ?
What wish'd to hear ?
Where 's all the joy and mirth
Made this town a heav'n on earth ?
Oh ! they 're all fled with thee,
Robin Adair.

What made th' assembly shine ?
Robin Adair.
What made the ball so fine ?
Robin was there.
What, when the play was o'er,
What made my heart so sore ?
Oh ! it was parting with
Robin Adair.

But now thou'rt cold to me,
Robin Adair.
But now thou'rt cold to me,
Robin Adair.
Yet him I lov'd so well
Still in my heart shall dwell ;
Oh ! I can ne'er forget
Robin Adair.

THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL

William Upton (fl. 1788)

On Richmond Hill there lives a lass,
More bright than May-day morn,
Whose charms all other maids surpass,
A rose without a thorn.
This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,
Has won my right good will,
I'd crowns resign to call thee mine,
Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill.

Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air,
And wanton thro' the grove,
O whisper to my charming fair,
I die for her I love.
This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,
Has won my right good will,
I'd crowns resign to call thee mine,
Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill.

How happy will the Shepherd be
Who calls this Nymph his own.
O may her choice be fixed on me,
Mine 's fixed on her alone.
This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,
Has won my right good will,
I'd crowns resign to call thee mine,
Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

ANONYMOUS

Oh, Paddy dear, and did you hear the news that 's going round ?
The shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish ground ;
Saint Patrick's Day no more we'll keep, his colours can't be seen.
For there 's a cruel law against the wearing of the green.
I met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand
And he said, ' How 's poor old Ireland, and how does she stand ? '
She 's the most distressful country that ever yet was seen ;
They're hanging men and women there for wearing of the green.

Then since the colour we must wear is England's
cruel red,
Sure Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood that
they have shed ;
You may take the shamrock from your hat, and
cast it on the sod,
But 'twill take root and flourish there, tho' under-
foot 'tis trod.
When law can stop the blades of grass from growing
as they grow,
And when the leaves in summer-time their verdure
dare not show,
Then I will change the colour that I wear in my
caubeen ;
But till that day, please God, I'll stick to wearing
of the green.

But if at last our colour should be torn from Ire-
land's heart,
Her sons, with shame and sorrow, from the dear old
isle will part ;
I've heard whisper of a country that lies beyond the
sea,
Where rich and poor stand equal in the light of
freedom's day.
Oh, Erin ! must we leave you, driven by a tyrant's
hand ?
Must we ask a mother's blessing from a strange and
distant land ?
Where the cruel cross of England shall never more
be seen,
And where, please God, we'll live and die still
wearing of the green.

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY

THOMAS PERCY (1729–1811)

It was a friar of orders gray
Walk'd forth to tell his beads;
And he met with a lady fair
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

'Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar,
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
My true love thou didst see.'

'And how should I know your true-love
From many another one?'
'Oh, by his cockle-hat and staff,
And by his sandal shoon.

'But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view;
His flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd,
And eyen of lovely blue.'

'O lady, he is dead and gone!
Lady, he 's dead and gone!
And at his head a green-grass turf,
And at his heels a stone.

'Within these holy cloisters long
He languish'd, and he died
Lamenting of a lady's love,
And 'plaining of her pride.'

'Here bore him barefaced on his bier
Six proper youths and tall,
And many a tear bedew'd his grave
Within yon kirk-yard wall.'

'And art thou dead, thou gentle youth,
And art thou dead and gone;
And didst thou die for love of me?
Break, cruel heart of stone!'

'Oh, weep not, lady, weep not so,
Some ghostly comfort seek;
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Ne tears bedew thy cheek.'

'Oh, do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove;
For I have lost the sweetest youth
That e'er won lady's love.

'And now, alas! for thy sad loss
I'll evermore weep and sigh;
For thee I only wish'd to live,
For thee I wish to die.'

'Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain;
For violets pluck'd, the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow again.

'Our joys as wingèd dreams do fly,
Why then should sorrow last?
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
Grieve not for what is past.'

'Oh, say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee say not so;
For since my true-love died for me,
'Tis meet my tears should flow.

'And will he ne'er come again?
Will he ne'er come again?
Ah! no, he is dead and laid in his grave,
For ever to remain.

'His cheek was redder than the rose;
The comeliest youth was he;
But he is dead and laid in his grave:
Alas, and woe is me!'

'Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more;
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot on sea and one on land,
To one thing constant never.

'Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer trees were leafy.'

'Now say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee say not so;
My love he had the truest heart,
Oh, he was ever true!

'And art thou dead, thou much lov'd youth,
And didst thou die for me?
Then farewell, home; for evermore
A pilgrim I will be.

'But first upon my true-love's grave
My weary limbs I'll lay,
And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf
That wraps his breathless clay.'

'Yet stay, fair lady, rest awhile
Beneath this cloister wall;
See, through the hawthorn blows the cold wind
And drizzly rain doth fall.'

'Oh, stay me not, thou holy friar;
Oh, stay me not, I pray;
No drizzly rain that falls on me
Can wash my fault away.'

'Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears;
For see, beneath this gown of grey
Thy own true-love appears.

'Here, forced by grief and hopeless love,
These holy weeds I sought,
And here amid these lonely walls
To end my days I thought.

'But haply, for my year of grace
Is not yet pass'd away,
Might I still hope to win thy love,
No longer would I stay.'

'Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
Once more unto my heart;
For since I have found thee, lovely youth,
We never more will part.'

WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME

JAMES HOGG (1770–1835)

Come all ye jolly shepherds
That whistle through the glen,
I'll tell ye of a secret
That courtiers dinna ken;
What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' man can name?
'Tis to woo a bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.

When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloamin' and the mirk,
When the kye comes hame.

'Tis not beneath the coronet,
Nor canopy of state,
'Tis not on couch of velvet,
Nor arbour of the great.
'Tis beneath the spreading birk,
In the glen without the name,
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,
When the kye comes hame.

See yonder pawky shepherd
That lingers on the hill—
His yowes are in the fauld,
And his lambs are lying still ;
Yet he downa gang to bed,
For his heart is in a flame
To meet his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.

When the little wee bit heart
Rises high in the breast,
And the little wee bit star
Rises red in the east,
O there 's a joy sae dear,
That the heart can hardly frame,
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,
When the kye comes hame.

Then since all nature joins
In this love without alloy,
O, wha wad prove a traitor
To nature's dearest joy ?
Or wha wad choose a crown,
Wi' its perils and its fame,
And miss his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame ?

When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloamin' and the mirk,
When the kye comes hame.

THE SKYLARK

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea !
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee !

Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud ;
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying ?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away !

Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be !
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee !

LUCY GRAY

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770–1850)

OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray ;
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew ;
She dwelt on a wide moor,
—The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door !

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green ;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

'To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow.'

'That, father! will I gladly do;
'Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon!'

At this the father raised his hook,
And snapped a fagot band;
He plied his work;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe:
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time:
She wandered up and down;
And many a hill did Lucy climb:
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

They wept—and, turning homeward, cried,
'In heaven we all shall meet;'
—When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small ;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone wall :

And then an open field they crossed :
The marks were still the same ;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost ;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
The footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank ;
And further there were none !

—Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child ;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along.
And never looks behind ;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

WE ARE SEVEN

—A SIMPLE child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death ?

I met a little cottage girl :
She was eight years old, she said ;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad ;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair ;
—Her beauty made me glad.

'Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?'
'How many? Seven in all,' she said,
And wondering looked at me.

'And where are they? I pray you tell.'
She answered, 'Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

'Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother.

'You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be.'

Then did the little maid reply,
'Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree.'

'You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five.'

'Their graves are green, they may be seen,'
The little maid replied,
'Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

'My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
I sit and sing to them.

'And often after sunset, Sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

'The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain:
And then she went away.

'So in the churchyard she was laid;
And when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

'And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side.'

'How many are you, then,' said I,
'If they two are in heaven?'
Quick was the little maid's reply,
'O master! we are seven.'

'But they are dead: those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!'
'Twas throwing words away: for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, 'Nay, we are seven!'

SHE DWELT AMONG THE UNTRODDEN WAYS

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A Maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
—Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be ;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me !

I TRAVELLED AMONG UNKNOWN MEN

I TRAVELLED among unknown men,
In lands beyond the sea ;
Nor, England ! did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream !
Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time ; for still I seem
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel
The joy of my desire ;
And she I cherished turned her wheel
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed,
The bowers where Lucy played ;
And thine too is the last green field
That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

LOCHINVAR

SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771–1832)

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best ;
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for
stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none ;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late :
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers,
and all :
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
' O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ? '

' I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied ;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.'

The bride kissed the goblet : the knight took it up.
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to
sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
' Now tread we a measure ! ' said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and
plume ;
And the bride-maidens whispered, ' 'Twere better
by far,
To have matched our fair cousin with young
Lochinvar.'

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near ;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung !
' She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur ;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow,' quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan ;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran :
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ?

FROM 'BONNIE DUNDEE'

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who spoke,
' Ere the King's crown shall fall there are crowns to be broke ;
Then each cavalier who loves honour and me,
Let him follow the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.

' Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men ;
Come open the West Port, and let me gang free,
And it 's room for the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee ! '

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat ;
But the Provost, douce man, said, ' Just e'en let him be,
The Gude Town is weel quit o' that De'il of Dundee.'

' Come fill up my cup,' &c.

'There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth,
If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in the North;
There are wild Duniewassals, three thousand times three,
Will cry 'hoigh!' for the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.

'Come fill up my cup,' &c.

'Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks—
Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch with the fox;
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me.

'Come fill up my cup,' &c.

CORONACH

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font, reappearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing,
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!

Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever!

A WEARY LOT IS THINE

'A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine!
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine!
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green,—
No more of me you knew,
My love!
No more of me you knew.

This morn is merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fain;
But she shall bloom in winter snow,
Ere we two meet again.'
He turned his charger as he spake,
Upon the river shore,
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
Said, 'Adieu for evermore,
My love!
And adieu for evermore.'

ALLEN-A-DALE

ALLEN-A-DALE has no fagot for burning,
Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,
Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,
Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.
Come, read me my riddle! come, hearken my tale!
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,
And he views his domains upon Arkindale side ;
The mere for his net, and the land for his game,
The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame ;
Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale,
Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale !

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as bright ;
Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word ;
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail,
Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore meets Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come ;
The mother, she asked of his household and home :
'Though the castle of Richmond stand fair on the hill,
My hall,' quoth bold Allen, 'shows gallanter still ;
'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale,
And with all its bright spangles !' said Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was stone ;
They lifted the latch, and they bade him be gone ;
But loud, on the morrow, their wail and their cry :
He had laughed on the lass with his bonny black eye,
And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,
And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale !

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan-Conuil.

Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons !
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter ;
Leave the corpse uninterred,
The bride at the altar ;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges :
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended,
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded :
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come ;
See how they gather !
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades
Forward, each man, set !
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset !

SONG FROM 'THE PIRATE'

Love wakes and weeps
While Beauty sleeps!
O for Music's softest numbers,
To prompt a theme,
For Beauty's dream,
Soft as the pillow of her slumbers!

Through groves of palm
Sigh gales of balm,
Fire-flies on the air are wheeling;
While through the gloom
Comes soft perfume,
The distant beds of flowers revealing.

O wake and live!
No dream can give
A shadowed bliss, the real excelling;
No longer sleep,
From lattice peep,
And list the tale that Love is telling.

ROSABELLE

O listen, listen, ladies gay!
No haughty feat of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

'Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!
And, gentle lady, deign to stay!
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

'The blackening wave is edged with white:
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

'Last night the gifted Seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round lady gay;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch;
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?'

''Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my lady-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

''Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide,
If 'tis not filled by Rosabelle.'

O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie,
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seemed all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmered all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle ;
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle !

And each St. Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell ;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung,
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

PROUD MAISIE

Proud Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early ;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
Singing so rarely.

'Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me ?'
'When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye.'

'Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie, say truly ?'—
'The grey-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly.

'The glowworm o'er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady.
The owl from the steeple sing,
"Welcome, proud lady."'

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772–1834)

PART I

An ancient Mariner meeteth three Gallants bidden to a wedding-feast, and detaineth one.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
'By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me ?

The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin ;
The guests are met, the feast is set :
May'st hear the merry din.'

He holds him with his skinny hand,
'There was a ship,' quoth he.
'Hold off ! unhand me, grey-beard loon !'
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child :
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding Guest is spell bound by the eye of the old seafaring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone :
He cannot choose but hear ;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

'The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The Sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he !
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached the Line.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—'
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she ;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding Guest heareth the bridal music ; but the Mariner continueth his tale.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear ;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

The ship driven by a storm toward the south pole.

'And now the STORM-BLAST came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong :
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold :
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

The land of ice, and of fearful sounds, where no living thing was to be seen.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen :
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around :
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound !

Till a great sea-bird, called the Albatross, came through the snow-fog, and was received with great joy and hospitality.

At length did cross an Albatross,
Thorough the fog it came ;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;
The helmsman steered us through !

And a good south wind sprung up behind ; And lo ! the Albatross proveth a bird of good omen, and followeth the ship as it returned northward through fog and floating ice.
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo !
In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine ;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white Moon-shine.'

' God save thee, ancient Mariner ! The ancient Mariner inhospitably killeth the pious bird of good omen.
From the fiends, that plague thee thus !—
Why look'st thou so ? '—' With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross.

PART II

THE Sun now rose upon the right :
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day, for food or play
Came to the mariners' hollo !

And I had done a hellish thing, His shipmates cry out against the ancient Mariner, for killing the bird of good luck.
And it would work 'em woe :
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
" Ah wretch ! " said they, " the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow ! "

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head, But when the fog cleared off, they justify the same, and thus make themselves accomplices in the crime.
The glorious Sun uprist :
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
" 'Twas right," said they, " such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist."

The fair breeze continues; the ship enters the Pacific Ocean and sails northward, even till it reaches the Line.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

The ship hath been suddenly becalmed.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

And the Albatross begins to be avenged.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, every where,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue and white.

A Spirit had followed them; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither

And some in dreams assurèd were
Of the Spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

departed souls nor angels; concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root ;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

Ah ! well a-day ! what evil looks
Had I from old and young !
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

The shipmates, in their sore distress, would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner : in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.

PART III

THERE passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time ! a weary time !
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

The ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist ;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist !
And still it neared and neared :
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail ;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood !
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail ! a sail !

At its nearer approach, it seemeth him to be a ship ; and at a dear ransom he freeth his speech from the bonds of thirst.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call :
A flash of joy. Gramercy ! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

And horror follows. For can it be a *ship* that comes onward without wind or tide ?

See ! see ! (I cried) she tacks no more !
Hither to work us weal ;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel !

The western wave was all a-flame.
The day was well nigh done !
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun ;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

It seemeth him but the skeleton of a ship.

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace !)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

Alas ! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears !
Are those *her* sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres ?

And its ribs are seen as bars on the face of the setting Sun.

Are those *her* ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate ?
And is that Woman all her crew ?
Is that a DEATH ? and are there two ?
Is DEATH that woman's mate ?

The Spectre-Woman and her Death-mate, and no other on board the skeleton ship.

Her lips were red, *her* looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold :
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-mare LIFE-IN-DEATH was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

Like vessel, like crew !

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice ;
"The game is done ! I've won, I've won !"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

Death and Life-in-Death have diced for the ship's crew, and she (the latter) winneth the ancient Mariner.

The Sun's rim dips ; the stars rush out :
At one stride comes the dark ;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

We listened and looked sideways up !
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip !
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed
white ;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The hornèd Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

At the rising of the Moon,

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

One after another,

Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

His shipmates drop down dead.

The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe !
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow !'

But Life-in-Death begins her work on the ancient Mariner.

PART IV

'I FEAR thee, ancient Mariner !
I fear thy skinny hand !
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

The Wedding-Guest feareth that a Spirit is talking to him ;

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown.'—

But the ancient Mariner assureth him of his bodily life, and proceedeth to relate his horrible penance.

'Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!
This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

He despiseth the creatures of the calm,

The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

And envieth that *they* should live, and so many lie dead.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and
the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

But the curse liveth for him in the eye of the dead men.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

In his loneliness and fixedness, he yearneth towards the

The moving Moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide :
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside.

journeying Moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward ; and every where the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread ;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmèd water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes :
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

By the light of the Moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire :
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam ; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things ! no tongue
Their beauty might declare :
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware :
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

Their beauty and their happiness.

He blesseth them in his heart.

The self-same moment I could pray ;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

The spell begins to break.

PART V

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

By grace of the holy Mother, the ancient Mariner is refreshed with rain.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessèd ghost.

He heareth sounds and seeth strange sights and commotions in the sky and the element.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The Moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan.

The bodies of the ship's crew are inspirited, and the ship moves on;

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;
Yet never a breeze up-blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me.'

'I fear thee, ancient Mariner!'
'Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

But not by the souls of the men, nor by demons of earth or middle air, but by a blessed troop of angelic spirits, sent down by the invocation of the guardian saint.

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing ;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning !

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute ;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased ; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe :
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

The lonesome Spirit from the south-pole carries on the ship as far as the Line, in obedience to the angelic troop, but still requireth vengeance.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid : and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean :
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound :
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swound.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard, and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

"Is it he?" quoth one, "is this the man?
By Him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow."

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, "The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do."

The Polar Spirit's fellow-demons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong; and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

PART VI

First Voice

"But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?"

Second Voice

"Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him."

First Voice

"But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?"

The Mariner hath been cast into a

Second Voice

trance; for the angelic power causeth the vessel to drive northward faster than human life could endure.

"The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated."

The supernatural motion is retarded; the Mariner awakes, and his penance begins anew.

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the Moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

The curse is finally expiated.

And now this spell was snapt: once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round, walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too :
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

Oh ! dream of joy ! is this indeed
The light-house top I see ?
Is this the hill ? is this the kirk ?
Is this mine own countree ?

And the ancient Mariner beholdeth his native country.

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God !
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn !
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the Moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock :
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

The angelic spirits leave the dead bodies,

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were :
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
Oh, Christ ! what saw I there !

And appear in their own forms of light.

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood !
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand :
It was a heavenly sight !
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light ;

This seraph-band, each waved his hand :
No voice did they impart—
No voice ; but oh ! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer ;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot, and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast :
Dear Lord in Heaven ! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice :
It is the Hermit good !
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

PART VII

The Hermit of the Wood

This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears !
He loves to talk of marineres
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump :
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared : I heard them talk,
" Why, this is strange, I trow !
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now ? "

" Strange, by my faith ! " the Hermit said— Approacheth the ship with wonder.
" And they answered not our cheer !
The planks look warped ! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere !
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along ;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young."

" Dear Lord ! it hath a fiendish look "—
(The Pilot made reply)
" I am a-feared "—" Push on, push on ! "
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred ;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on, The ship suddenly sinketh.
Still louder and more dread :
It reached the ship, it split the bay ;
The ship went down like lead.

The ancient Mariner is saved in the Pilot's boat.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
"Ha! ha!" quoth he, "full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row."

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

The ancient Mariner earnestly entreateth the Hermit to shrieve him; and the penance of life falls on him.

'O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!'
The Hermit crossed his brow.
"Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou?"

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns :
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

And ever and anon throughout his future life and agony constraineth him to travel from land to land;

I pass, like night, from land to land ;
I have strange power of speech ;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me :
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door !
The wedding-guests are there :
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are :
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer !

O Wedding-Guest ! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea :
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemèd there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company !—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends
And youths and maidens gay !

And to teach by his own example, love and reverence

Farewell, farewell ! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest !
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

to all things that God made and loveth.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.'

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK

ROBERT SOUTHEY (1774–1843)

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as she could be,
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock
The waves flow'd over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The Sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day ;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled round,
And there was joyaunce in the sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
A darker speck on the ocean green ;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing ;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float,
Quoth he, 'My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go ;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the Bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sunk the Bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around ;
Quoth Sir Ralph, 'The next who comes to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok.'

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away,
He scoured the seas for many a day ;
And now grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the Sun on high ;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On deck the Rover takes his stand,
So dark it is they see no land ;
Quoth Sir Ralph, ' It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising Moon.'

' Canst hear,' said one, ' the breakers roar ?
For methinks we should be near the shore.'
' Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell.'

They hear no sound, the swell is strong ;
Though the wind hath fallen they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock,—
' Oh Christ ! it is the Inchcape Rock ! '

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair ;
He curst himself in his despair ;
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,
A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell
The Devil below was ringing his knell.

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE

A Well there is in the west country,
And a clearer one never was seen ;
There is not a wife in the west country
But has heard of the Well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm-tree stand beside,
And behind doth an ash-tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the Well of St. Keyne ;
Joyfully he drew nigh,
For from cock-crow he had been travelling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he,
And he sat down upon the bank
Under the willow-tree.

There came a man from the house hard by
At the Well to fill his pail;
On the Well-side he rested it,
And he bade the stranger hail.

'Now art thou a bachelor, stranger?' quoth he,
'For an if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day
That ever thou didst in thy life.

'Or has thy good woman, if one thou hast,
Ever here in Cornwall been?
For an if she have, I'll venture my life
She has drank of the Well of St. Keyne.'

'I have left a good woman who never was here,'
The stranger he made reply,
'But that my draught should be the better for that,
I pray you answer me why?'

'St. Keyne,' quoth the Cornish-man, 'many a time
Drank of this crystal Well,
And before the angel summoned her,
She laid on the water a spell.

'If the husband of this gifted Well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life.

'But if the wife should drink of it first,
God help the husband then!'
The stranger stoopt to the Well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again.

'You drank of the Well I warrant betimes?'
He to the Cornish-man said:
But the Cornish-man smiled as the stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.

'I hastened as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch;
But i' faith she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to church.'

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And, with a natural sigh,
'Tis some poor fellow's skull,' said he,
'Who fell in the great victory.

'I find them in the garden,
For there 's many here about;
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out!
For many thousand men,' said he,
'Were slain in that great victory.'

'Now tell us what 'twas all about,'
Young Peterkin, he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
'Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for.'

'It was the English,' Kaspar cried,
'Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for,
I could not well make out;
But everybody said,' quoth he,
'That 'twas a famous victory.

'My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

'With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

'They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

'Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene.'
'Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!'
Said little Wilhelmine.
'Nay . . . nay . . . my little girl,' quoth he,
'It was a famous victory;

'And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win.'
'But what good came of it at last?'
Quoth little Peterkin.
'Why that I cannot tell,' said he,
'But 'twas a famous victory.'

FATHER WILLIAM

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
The few locks which are left you are gray;
You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man,
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William replied,
I remembered that youth would fly fast,
And abused not my health and my vigour at first,
That I never might need them at last.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
And pleasures with youth pass away,
And yet you lament not the days that are gone,
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William replied,
I remembered that youth could not last;
I thought of the future, whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
And life must be hastening away;
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death,
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

I am cheerful, young man, Father William replied,
Let the cause thy attention engage:
In the days of my youth I remembered my God!
And He hath not forgotten my age.

THE BANKS OF ALLAN WATER

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS (1775–1818)

On the banks of Allan Water,
When the sweet spring time did fall,
Was the miller's lovely daughter,
Fairest of them all.
For his bride a soldier sought her,
And a winning tongue had he,
On the banks of Allan Water
None was gay as she.

On the banks of Allan Water,
When brown autumn shed its store.
There I saw the miller's daughter,
But she smiled no more.
For the summer grief had brought her,
And the soldier false was he,
On the banks of Allan Water
None was sad as she.

On the banks of Allan Water,
When the winter snow fell fast,
Still was seen the miller's daughter,
Chilling blew the blast.
But the miller's lovely daughter,
Both from cold and care was free,
On the banks of Allan Water
There a corse lay she.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

THOMAS CAMPBELL (1777–1844)

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound
Cries, 'Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry.'

'Now who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?'
'O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

'And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For, should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

'His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?'

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
'I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:—
It is not for your silver bright;
But for your winsome lady:

'And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry.'

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armèd men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

'O haste thee, haste!' the lady cries,
'Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father.'

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore;
His wrath was changed to wailing.—

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover:—
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

'Come back! come back!' he cried in grief,
'Across this stormy water;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—oh my daughter!'

'Twas vain:—the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing:—
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

Our bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track ;
'Twas autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part ;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

'Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and worn !'
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay ;
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

EXILE OF ERIN

There came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill :
For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

Sad is my fate ! said the heart-broken stranger ;
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not to me.
Never again, in the green sunny bowers,
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh !

Erin, my country ! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore ;
But, alas ! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more !
Oh cruel fate ! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace—where no perils can chase me ?
Never again shall my brothers embrace me ?
They died to defend me, or live to deplore !

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood ?
Sisters and sire ! did ye weep for its fall ?
Where is the mother that looked on my childhood ?
And where is the bosom friend, dearer than all ?
Oh, my sad heart ! long abandoned by pleasure,
Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure ?
Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet, all its sad recollection suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw :
Erin ! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing !
Land of my forefathers ! Erin go bragh !
Buried and cold when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields,—sweetest isle of the ocean !
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,—
Erin mavournin—Erin go bragh !

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

Ye Mariners of England !
That guard our native seas ;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze !
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe !
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave !—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave :
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow ;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn ;
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return.

Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow :
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

Of Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.—

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line :
It was ten of April morn by the chime :
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death ;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.—

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
'Hearts of oak !' our captains cried ; when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again ! again ! again !
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feebler cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back ;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom :—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail ;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.—

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave ;
' Ye are brothers ! Ye are men !
And we conquer but to save :—
So peace instead of death let us bring ;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King.'—

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose ;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day ;
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, Old England, raise !
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light ;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore !

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died ;—
With the gallant good Riou :
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave !
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing Glory to the souls
Of the Brave.

NAPOLEON AND THE SAILOR

I LOVE contemplating—apart
From all his homicidal glory,
The traits that soften to our heart
Napoleon's story !

'Twas when his banners at Boulogne
Arm'd in our island every freeman
His navy chanced to capture one
Poor British seaman.

They suffer'd him—I know not how,
Unprison'd on the shore to roam ;
And aye was bent his longing brow
On England's home.

His eye, methinks ! pursued the flight
Of birds to Britain half-way over
With envy ; *they* could reach the white,
Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
If but the storm his vessel brought
To England nearer.

At last, when care had banish'd sleep,
He saw one morning—dreaming—doating,
An empty hogshead from the deep
Come shoreward floating ;

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
The livelong day laborious; lurking
Until he launch'd a tiny boat
By mighty working.

Heaven help us! 'twas a thing beyond
Description wretched; such a wherry
Perhaps ne'er ventur'd on a pond,
Or cross'd a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt-sea field,
It would have made the boldest shudder;
Untarr'd, uncompass'd, and unkeel'd,
No sail—no rudder.

From neighb'ring woods he interlaced
His sorry skiff with wattled willows;
And thus equipp'd he would have pass'd
The foaming billows—

But Frenchmen caught him on the beach,
His little Argo sorely jeering;
Till tidings of him chanc'd to reach
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
Serene alike in peace and danger;
And in his wonted attitude,
Address'd the stranger:—

'Rash man that wouldst yon Channel pass
On twigs and staves so rudely fashion'd;
Thy heart with some sweet British lass
Must be impassion'd.'

'I have no sweetheart,' said the lad;
'But—absent long from one another—
Great was the longing that I had
To see my mother.'

'And so thou shalt,' Napoleon said,
'Ye've both my favour fairly won;
A noble mother must have bred
So brave a son.'

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
And, with a flag of truce, commanded
He should be shipp'd to England Old,
And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantly shift
To find a dinner, plain and hearty;
But *never* changed the coin and gift
Of Bonaparté.

THE PARROT

The deep affections of the breast,
That Heaven to living things imparts,
Are not exclusively possess'd
By human hearts.

A parrot, from the Spanish Main,
Full young, and early caged, came o'er,
With bright wings, to the bleak domain
Of Mulla's shore.

To spicy groves where he had won
His plumage of resplendent hue,
His native fruits, and skies, and sun,
He bade adieu.

For these he changed the smoke of turf,
A heathery land and misty sky,
And turn'd on rocks and raging surf
His golden eye.

But, petted, in our climate cold,
He lived and chatter'd many a day;
Until with age, from green and gold
His wings grew grey.

At last when blind, and seeming dumb,
He scolded, laugh'd, and spoke no more,
A Spanish stranger chanced to come
To Mulla's shore ;

He hail'd the bird in Spanish speech,
The bird in Spanish speech replied,
Flapp'd round the cage with joyous screech,
Dropt down, and died.

HOHENLINDEN

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stainèd snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few, shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

MEN OF ENGLAND

Men of England! who inherit
Rights that cost your sires their blood!
Men whose undegenerate spirit
Has been proved on land and flood;

By the foes ye've fought, uncounted,
By the glorious deeds ye've done.
Trophies captured—breaches mounted,
Navies conquered—kingdoms won!

Yet remember, England gathers
Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame,
If the freedom of your fathers
Glow not in your heart the same.

What are monuments of bravery,
Where no public virtues bloom?
What avail in lands of slavery
Trophied temples, arch, and tomb?

Pageants!—Let the world revere us
For our people's rights and laws,
And the breasts of civic heroes
Bared in Freedom's holy cause.

Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory,
Sidney's matchless shade is yours,—
Martyrs in heroic story,
Worth a thousand Agincourts!

We're the sons of sires that baffled
Crown'd and mitred tyranny ;—
They defied the field and scaffold
For their birthright—so will we !

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME

ANONYMOUS

I'M lonesome since I cross'd the hill,
And o'er the moor and valley ;
Such heavy thoughts my heart do fill,
Since parting with my Sally.
I seek no more the fine or gay,
For each does but remind me
How swift the hours did pass away,
With the girl I've left behind me.

Oh, ne'er shall I forget the night
The stars were bright above me,
And gently lent their silv'ry light
When first she vowed to love me.
But now I'm bound to Brighton camp
Kind Heaven, then, pray guide me,
And send me safely back again
To the girl I've left behind me.

Had I the art to sing her praise
With all the skill of Homer ;
One only theme should fill my lays !
The charms of my true lover !
So, let the night be e'er so dark
Or e'er so wet and windy,
Kind Heaven ! send me back again
To the girl I've left behind me !

Her golden hair, in ringlets fair ;
Her eyes, like diamonds shining !
Her slender waist, with carriage chaste,
May leave the swan repining !

Ye Gods above ! O, hear my prayer !
To my beauteous Fair to bind me ;
And send me safely back again
To the girl I've left behind me !

The bee shall honey taste no more,
The dove become a ranger,
The falling waves shall cease to roar,
Ere I shall seek to change her !
The vows we registered above
Shall ever cheer, and bind me
In constancy to her I love !
The girl I've left behind me.

My mind her form shall still retain,
In sleeping, or in waking,
Until I see my love again,
For whom my heart is breaking.
If ever I return that way,
And she should not decline me,
I evermore will live and stay
With the girl I've left behind me.

CANADIAN BOAT-SONG

THOMAS MOORE (1779–1852)

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Anne's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight 's past !

Why should we yet our sail unfurl ?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl ;
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh ! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight 's past

Utawa's tide ! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle ! hear our prayers,
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favouring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight 's past !

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE

Go where glory waits thee,
But, while fame elates thee,
Oh ! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh ! then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee,
Sweeter far may be ;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh ! then remember me.

When, at eve, thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
Oh ! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning.
Oh ! thus remember me.
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its lingering roses,
Once so loved by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them,
Oh ! then remember me.

When, around thee dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh ! then remember me.

And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh! still remember me.
Then should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee,—
Oh! then remember me.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells:
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives,
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems, or snow-white wand.

'Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely through this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold,
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?'

'Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm:—
For though they love women and golden store,
Sir Knight! they love honour and virtue more!'

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the Green Isle;
And blest for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca ! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world
should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in
peace.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND

She is far from the land where her young hero
sleeps,
And lovers are round her sighing :
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking ; —
Ah ! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking.

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him ;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh ! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow ;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the
West,
From her own loved island of sorrow.

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away,

Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear;
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

Oh! the days are gone, when Beauty bright
My heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love.
New hope may bloom,
And days may come,
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there 's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream:
No, there 's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth 's past;
Though he wins the wise, who frown'd before,
To smile at last;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet,
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And at every close, she blush'd to hear
The one loved name.

No,—that hallowed form is ne'er forgot
Which first love traced ;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste.
'Twas odour fled
As soon as shed ;
'Twas morning's wingèd dream ;
'Twas a light, there ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream :
Oh ! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone ;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone ;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one !
To pine on the stem ;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie withered
And fond ones are flown,
Oh ! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone ?

THE MINSTREL-BOY

THE Minstrel-Boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him ;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
' Land of song ! ' said the warrior-bard,
' Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee ! '

The Minstrel fell !—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under ;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its cords asunder ;
And said, ' No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery !
Thy songs were made for the brave and free,
They shall never sound in slavery ! '

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING

THE time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
The light, that lies
In woman's eyes,
Has been my heart's undoing.
Though Wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorned the lore she brought me,
My only books
Were women's looks,
And folly 's all they've taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted,
Like him, the Sprite,
Whom maids by night
Oft meet in glen that 's haunted.

Like him, too, Beauty won me,
But while her eyes were on me,
If once their ray
Was turned away,
O ! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going ?
And is my proud heart growing
Too cold or wise
For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing ?
No, vain, alas ! th' endeavour
From bonds so sweet to sever ;—
Poor Wisdom's chance
Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever.

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS

Oft, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me ;
The smiles, the tears
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken ;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken !
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so linked together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather ;

I feel like one,
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

THE YOUNG MAXWELL

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM (1784–1842)

'WHERE gang ye, thou silly auld carle?
And what do ye carry there?'
'I'm gaun to the hillside, thou sodger gentleman,
To shift my sheep their lair.'

Ae stride or twa took the silly auld carle
An' a gude lang stride took he:
'I trow thou to be a feck auld carle,
Will ye shaw the way to me?'

And he has gane wi' the silly auld carle,
Adown by the greenwood side;
'Light down and gang, thou sodger gentleman,
For here ye canny ride.'

He drew the reins o' his bonny gray steed,
An' lightly down he sprang:
Of the comeliest scarlet was his weir coat,
Whare the gowden tassels hang.

He has thrown aff his plaid, the silly auld carle,
An' his bonnet frae 'boon his bree;
An' wha was it but the young Maxwell!
An' his gude brown sword drew he!

'Thou killed my father, thou vile South'ron!
An' ye killed my brethren three!
Whilk brake the heart o' my ae sister,
I loved as the light o' my e'e!

'Draw out thy sword, thou vile South'ron!
Red wat wi' blude o' my kin!
That sword it crapped the bonniest flower
E'er lifted its head to the sun!

'There 's ae sad stroke for my dear auld father!
There 's twa for my brethren three!
An' there 's ane to thy heart for my ae sister,
Wham I loved as the light o' my e'e.'

HAME, HAME, HAME

It 's hame, and it 's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it 's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree!
When the flower is i' the bud and the leaf is on the tree,
The larks shall sing me hame in my ain countree.
It 's hame, and it 's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it 's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree!

The green leaf o' loyaltie 's beginning for to fa',
The bonnie white rose it is withering an' a';
But I'll water 't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,
An' green it will grow in my ain countree.

There 's naught now frae ruin my country can save,
But the keys o' kind heaven, to open the grave:
That a' the noble martyrs who died for loyaltie,
May rise again and fight for their ain countree.

The great now are gane, a' who ventured to save,
The new grass is springing on the tap o' their grave;
But the sun thro' the mirk blinks blythe in my e'e,
'I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countree.'
It 's hame, and it 's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it 's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast ;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While like the eagle free
Away the good ship flies and leaves
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind !
I heard a fair one cry, ;
But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high ;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There 's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud ;
And hark the music, mariners !
The wind is piping loud ;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

MY NANIE O

RED rowes the Nith 'tween bank and brae,
Mirk is the night and rainie O,
Though heaven and earth should mix in storm,
I'll gang and see my Nanie O ;
My Nanie O, my Nanie O ;
My kind and winsome Nanie O,
She holds my heart in love's dear bands,
And nane can do 't but Nanie O.

In preaching-time sae meek she stands,
Sae saintly and sae bonny O,
I cannot get ae glimpse of grace,
For thieving looks at Nanie O ;
My Nanie O, my Nanie O ;
The world 's in love with Nanie O ;
That heart is hardly worth the wear
That wadna love my Nanie O.

My breast can scarce contain my heart,
When dancing she moves finely O ;
I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
They sparkle sae divinely O ;
My Nanie O, my Nanie O,
The flower o' Nithsdale 's Nanie O ;
Love looks frae 'neath her lang brown hair,
And says, I dwell with Nanie O.

Tell not, thou star at grey daylight,
O'er Tinwald-top so bonny O,
My footsteps 'mang the morning dew
When coming frae my Nanie O ;
My Nanie O, my Nanie O ;
Nane ken o' me and Nanie O ;
The stars and moon may tell 't aboon,
They winna wrang my Nanie O !

THE CANADIAN BOAT SONG

ANONYMOUS

LISTEN to me, as when ye heard our father
Sing long ago the songs of other shores—
Listen to me, and then in chorus gather
All your deep voices as ye pull your oars :
Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand ;
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

From the lone shieling of the misty island
Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas—
But still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides :
Fair these broad meads, &c.

We ne'er shall tread the fancy-haunted valley,
Where 'tween the dark hills creeps the small clear stream,
In arms around the patriarch banner rally,
Nor see the moon on royal tombstones gleam :
Fair these broad meads, &c.

When the bold kindred, in the time long-vanished,
Conquered the soil and fortified the keep,—
No seer foretold the children would be banished,
That a degenerate Lord might boast his sheep :
Fair these broad meads, &c.

Come foreign rage—let Discord burst in slaughter !
O then for clansmen true, and stern claymore—
The hearts that would have given their blood like water,
Beat heavily beyond the Atlantic roar :
Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand ;
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

IN HIS LAST BINN SIR PETER LIES

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK (1785–1866)

IN his last binn Sir Peter lies,
Who knew not what it was to frown :
Death took him mellow, by surprise,
And in his cellar stopped him down.
Through all our land we could not boast
A knight more gay, more prompt than he,
To rise and fill a bumper toast,
And pass it round with three times three.

None better knew the feast to sway,
Or keep mirth's boat in better trim ;
For Nature had but little clay
Like that of which she moulded him.
The meanest guest that graced his board
Was there the freest of the free,
His bumper toast when Peter poured,
And passed it round with three times three.

He kept at true good humour's mark
The social flow of pleasure's tide :
He never made a brow look dark,
Nor caused a tear, but when he died.
No sorrow round his tomb should dwell :
More pleased his gay old ghost would be
For funeral song, and passing bell,
To hear no sound but three times three.

THE WAR SONG OF DINAS VAWR

The mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter ;
We therefore deemed it meeter
To carry off the latter.
We made an expedition ;
We met a host and quelled it ;
We forced a strong position,
And killed the men who held it.

On Dyfed's richest valley,
Where herds of kine were browsing,
We made a mighty sally,
To furnish our carousing.
Fierce warriors rushed to meet us ;
We met them, and o'erthrew them :
They struggled hard to beat us ;
But we conquered them, and slew them.

As we drove our prize at leisure,
The king marched forth to catch us :
His rage surpassed all measure,
But his people could not match us.
He fled to his hall-pillars ;
And, ere our force we led off,
Some sacked his house and cellars,
While others cut his head off.

We there, in strife bewildering,
Spilt blood enough to swim in :
We orphaned many children,
And widowed many women.
The eagles and the ravens
We glutted with our foemen ;
The heroes and the cravens,
The spearmen and the bowmen.

We brought away from battle,
And much their land bemoaned them,
Two thousand head of cattle,
And the head of him who owned them :
Ednyfed, King of Dyfed,
His head was borne before us ;
His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,
And his overthrow, our chorus.

KING DEATH

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (1787–1874)

KING DEATH was a rare old fellow,
He sat where no sun could shine,
And he lifted his hand so yellow,
And poured out his coal-black wine.
Hurrah, for the coal-black wine !

There came to him many a maiden
Whose eyes had forgot to shine,
And widows with grief o'erladen,
For a draught of his sleepy wine.
Hurrah, for the coal-black wine !

The scholar left all his learning,
The poet his fancied woes,
And the beauty her bloom returning
As the beads of the black wine rose.
Hurrah, for the coal-black wine!

All came to the royal old fellow,
Who laughed till his eyes dropped brine,
And he gave them his hand so yellow,
And pledged them in Death's black wine.
Hurrah, for the coal-black wine!

SONG FOR TWILIGHT

Hide me, O twilight air,
Hide me from thought, from care,
From all things foul or fair,
Until to-morrow!
To-night I strive no more;
No more my soul shall soar:
Come, sleep, and shut the door
'Gainst pain and sorrow!

If I must see through dreams,
Be mine Elysian gleams,
Be mine by morning streams
To watch and wander;
So may my spirit cast
(Serpent-like) off the past,
And my free soul at last
Have leave to ponder.

And shouldst thou 'scape control,
Ponder on love, sweet soul;
On joy, the end and goal
Of all endeavour:
But if earth's pains will rise,
(As damps will seek the skies,)
Then, night, seal thou mine eyes,
In sleep, for ever.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON (1788–1824)

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen :
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed ;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still !

And there lay the steed with his nostrils all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride :
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail ;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances uplifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

WHEN WE TWO PARTED

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss ;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
Sank chill on my brow—
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame :
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear ;
A shudder comes o'er me—
Why wert thou so dear ?
They know not I knew thee,
Who knew thee too well :—
Long, long shall I rue thee,
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met—
In silence I grieve,
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee ?—
With silence and tears.

SONG

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee ;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me :
When, as if its sound were causing
The charmèd ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lulled winds seem dreaming :

And the midnight moon is weaving
Her bright chain o'er the deep ;
Whose breast is gently heaving,
As an infant's asleep :
So the spirit bows before thee,
To listen and adore thee ;
With a full but soft emotion,
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

SO WE'LL GO NO MORE A-ROVING

So we'll go no more a-roving
So late into the night,
Though the heart be still as loving,
And the moon be still as bright.

For the sword outwears its sheath,
And the soul wears out the breast,
And the heart must pause to breathe,
And love itself have rest.

Though the night was made for loving,
And the day returns too soon,
Yet we'll go no more a-roving
By the light of the moon.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that 's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent.
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AT CORUNNA

Charles Wolfe (1791–1823)

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that 's gone
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring :
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

VI ARISE FROM DREAMS OF THEE

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792–1822)

I ARISE from dreams of thee,
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright ;
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how ?
To thy chamber-window, Sweet !

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream,—
The champak odours fail,
Like sweet thoughts in a dream,
The nightingale's complaint
It dies upon her heart,
As I must die on thine,
O belovèd as thou art !

O lift me from the grass !
I die, I faint, I fail !
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas !
My heart beats loud and fast.
Oh ! press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last.

LAMENT

O world ! O life ! O time !
On whose last steps I climb,
Trembling at that where I had stood before ;
When will return the glory of your prime ?
No more—Oh, never more !

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight ;
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
No more—Oh, never more !

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY

The fountains mingle with the river
And the rivers with the Ocean,
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion ;

Nothing in the world is single ;
All things by a law divine
In one spirit meet and mingle.
Why not I with thine ?—

See the mountains kiss high heaven
And the waves clasp one another ;
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother ;
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea :
What is all this sweet work worth,
If thou kiss not me ?

HYMN OF PAN

From the forests and highlands
We come, we come ;
From the river-girt islands,
Where loud waves are dumb
Listening to my sweet pipings.
The wind in the reeds and the bushes,
The bees on the bells of thyme,
The birds on the myrtle bushes,
The cicale above in the lime,
And the lizards below in the grass,
Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was,
Listening to my sweet pipings.

Liquid Peneus was flowing,
And all dark Tempe lay
In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing
The light of the dying day,
Speeded by my sweet pipings.
The Sileni, and Sylvans, and Fauns,
And the Nymphs of the woods and waves,
To the edge of the moist river-lawns,

And the brink of the dewy caves,
And all that did then attend and follow,
Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo,
With envy of my sweet pipings.

I sang of the dancing stars,
I sang of the dædal earth,
And of heaven—and the giant wars,
And love, and death, and birth,—
And then I changed my pipings,—
Singing how down the vale of Mænalus
I pursued a maiden and clasped a reed.
Gods and men, we are all deluded thus!
It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed:
All wept, as I think both ye now would,
If envy or age had not frozen your blood,
At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.

MUSIC, WHEN SOFT VOICES DIE

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory——
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the belovèd's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone
Love itself shall slumber on.

INVOCATION

Rarely, rarely, comest thou,
Spirit of Delight!
Wherefore hast thou left me now
Many a day and night?
Many a weary night and day
'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me
  Win thee back again ?
With the joyous and the free
  Thou wilt scoff at pain.
Spirit false ! thou hast forgot
All but those who need thee not.

As a lizard with the shade
  Of a trembling leaf,
Thou with sorrow art dismay'd ;
  Even the sighs of grief
Reproach thee, that thou art not near,
And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful ditty
  To a merry measure ;
Thou wilt never come for pity,
  Thou wilt come for pleasure ;
Pity then will cut away
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest,
  Spirit of Delight !
The fresh Earth in new leaves drest
  And the starry night ;
Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow and all the forms
  Of the radiant frost ;
I love waves, and winds, and storms,
  Everything almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,
  And such society
As is quiet, wise, and good ;
  Between thee and me
What diff'rence ? but thou dost possess
The things I seek, not love them less.

I love Love—though he has wings,
And like light can flee,
But above all other things,
Spirit, I love thee—
Thou art love and life! O come!
Make once more my heart thy home!

SWIFTLY WALK O'ER

Swiftly walk o'er the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear,—
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle grey,
Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day;
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to his rest
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
Wouldst thou me?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noontide bee,
Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me?—And I replied,
No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon—
Sleep will come when thou art fled ;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, belovèd Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon !

HELLAS

The world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn :
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
From waves serener far ;
A new Peneus rolls his fountains
Against the morning star ;
Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep
Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,
Fraught with a later prize ;
Another Orpheus sings again,
And loves, and weeps, and dies ;
A new Ulysses leaves once more
Calypso for his native shore.

O write no more the tale of Troy,
If earth Death's scroll must be—
Nor mix with Laian rage the joy
Which dawns upon the free,
Although a subtler Sphinx renew
Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

Another Athens shall arise,
And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendour of its prime ;
And leave, if naught so bright may live,
All earth can take or Heaven can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose
Shall burst, more bright and good
Than all who fell, than One who rose,
Than many unsubdued :
Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,
But votive tears and symbol flowers.

O cease ! must hate and death return ?
Cease ! must men kill and die ?
Cease ! drain not to its dregs the urn
Of bitter prophecy !
The world is weary of the past—
O might it die or rest at last !

THE PILGRIM FATHERS

FELICIA HEMANS (1793–1835)

THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed ;

And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came ;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame ;

Not as the flying come,
In silence, and in fear ;—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
Till the stars heard, and the sea ;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang,
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam ;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home !

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band ;—
Why had *they* come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land ?

There was a woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth ;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar ?
Bright jewels of the mine ?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine !

Aye, call it holy ground,—
The soil where first they trod.
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND

The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand !
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land.

The deer across their greensward bound,
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England!
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light!
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told,
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England!
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath hours!
Solemn, yet sweet, the church bell's chime
Floats through their woods at morn;
All other sounds, in that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England!
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves,
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free fair homes of England,
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall,
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God!

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD

They grew in beauty, side by side,
They filled one home with glee ;—
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow ;
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now ?

One midst the forest of the West,
By a dark stream, is laid—
The Indian knows his place of rest
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one—
He lies where pearls lie deep ;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest
Above the noble slain :
He wrapt his colours round his breast
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned ;
She faded midst Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band.

And, parted thus, they rest, who played
Beneath the same green tree ;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee !

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth,
Alas for love, if *thou* wert all,
And nought beyond, O Earth !

CASABIANCA

The boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but he had fled ;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm ;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though child-like form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go
Without his father's word ;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud—' Say, father, say
If yet my task is done ? '
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

' Speak, father ! ' once again he cried,
' If I may yet be gone ! '
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death
In still, yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,
' My father ! must I stay ? '
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy—oh, where was he ?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea !

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part—
But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young faithful heart !

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

JOHN KEATS (1795–1821)

'AH, what can ail thee, wretched wight,
Alone and palely loitering ?
The sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

'Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight,
So haggard and so woe-begone ?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest 's done.

'I see a lily on thy brow,
With anguish moist and fever dew ;
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too.'

'I met a lady in the meads
Full beautiful, a faery's child ;
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

'I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long ;
For sideways would she lean, and sing
A faery's song.

'I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She looked at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

'She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew;
And sure in language strange she said,
"I love thee true."

'She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she gazed, and sighèd deep,
And there I shut her wild sad eyes—
So kissed to sleep.

'And there we slumbered on the moss,
And there I dreamed, ah woe betide,
The latest dream I ever dreamed
On the cold hill side.

'I saw pale kings, and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
They cried—"La belle Dame sans merci
Hath thee in thrall!"

'I saw their starved lips in the gloam
With horrid warning gapèd wide,
And I awoke and found me here
On the cold hill side.

'And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.'

JOHN PEEL

JOHN WOODCOCK GRAVES (1795–1890)

D'YE ken John Peel, with his coat so gay,
D'ye ken John Peel at the break of day,
D'ye ken John Peel when he 's far, far away,
With his hounds and his horn in the morning?

Chorus. For the sound of his horn brought me
from my bed,
And the cry of his hounds which he oft-
times led,
For Peel's 'View halloo' would awaken
the dead
Or the fox from his lair in the morning.

Yes, I ken John Peel, and Ruby too,
Ranter and Ringwood, Bellman and True,
From a find to a check, from a check to a view,
From a view to a death in the morning.
For the sound of his horn, &c.

Then here's to John Peel from my heart and soul,
Let's drink to his health, let's finish the bowl,
We'll follow John Peel thro' fair and thro' foul
If we want a good hunt in the morning.
For the sound of his horn, &c.

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay?
He lived at Troutbeck once on a day,
Now he has gone far, far, far away,
We shall ne'er hear his voice in the morning.
For the sound of his horn, &c.

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM

THOMAS HOOD (1799–1845)

'TWAS in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school:
There were some that ran, and some that leapt,
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,
And souls untouched by sin ;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in :
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can ;
But the usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man !

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessèd breeze ;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease :
So he leaned his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees !

Leaf after leaf, he turned it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside ;
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide :
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome,
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strained the dusky covers close,
And fixed the brazen hasp :
'Oh, God ! could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp !'

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took,—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook,—
And, lo ! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book !

'My gentle lad, what is 't you read—
Romance or fairy fable?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable?'
The young boy gave an upward glance,—
'It is "The death of Abel".'

The usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain,—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talked with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod,—
Aye, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God!

He told how murderers walk the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain,—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain:
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain!

'And well,' quoth he, 'I know, for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme,—
Woe, woe, unutterable woe,—
Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why? Methought, last night I wrought
A murder, in a dream!

'One that had never done me wrong—
A feeble man, and old;
I led him to a lonely field,—
The moon shone clear and cold:
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold!

'Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,—
And then the deed was done:
There was nothing lying at my foot,
But lifeless flesh and bone!

'Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill;
And yet I feared him all the more,
For lying there so still:
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill!

'And, lo! the universal air
Seemed lit with ghastly flame;—
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame:
I took the dead man by his hand,
And called upon his name!

'Oh, God! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain!
But when I touched the lifeless clay,
The blood gushed out amain!
For every clot, a burning spot,
Was scorching in my brain!

'My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the Dèvil's price:
A dozen times I groaned; the dead
Had never groaned but twice!

'And now, from forth the frowning sky,
From the Heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice—the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging Sprite:
"Thou guilty man! take up thy dead,
And hide it from my sight!"

'I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream,—
A sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme:—
My gentle boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream!

'Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
And vanished in the pool;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And washed my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young
That evening in the school.

'Oh, Heaven, to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn:
Like a devil of the pit, I seem'd,
'Mid holy Cherubim!

'And Peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But Guilt was my grim chamberlain
That lighted me to bed;
And drew my midnight curtains round
With fingers bloody red!

'All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep;
My fevered eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep;
For sin had rendered unto her
The keys of hell to keep!

'All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
That racked me all the time,—
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime!

'One stern tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave,—
Still urging me to go and see
The dead man in his grave!

'Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black accursèd pool
With a wild misgiving eye;
And I saw the Dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry!

'Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dew-drop from its wing;
But I never marked its morning flight,
I never heard it sing:
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

'With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran;—
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began:
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murdered man!

'And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was otherwhere;
As soon as the mid-day task was done,
In secret I was there:
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare!

'Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep:
Or land, or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

'So wills the fierce avenging Sprite,
Till blood for blood atones!
Ay, though he 's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh—
The world shall see his bones.

'Oh, God!—that horrid horrid, dream
Besets me now awake!
Again—again, with a dizzy brain,
The human life I take;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

'And still no peace for the restless clay,
Will wave or mould allow;
The horrid thing pursues my soul,—
It stands before me now!'
The fearful boy looked up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin eyelids kissed,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A Woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—

Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the Song of the Shirt.

'Work ! work ! work !
While the cock is crowing aloof !
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof !
It 's O ! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work !

'Work—work—work
Till the brain begins to swim ;
Work—work—work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim !
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream !

'O ! Men with Sisters dear !
O ! Men with Mothers and Wives !
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives !
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

'But why do I talk of Death ?
That Phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep,
Oh ! God ! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap !

'Work—work—work!
My labour never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags.
That shattered roof,—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

'Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work—
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

'Work—work—work,
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the spring.

'Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal!

'Oh but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessèd leisure for Love or Hope,
But only time for Grief!

A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread ! '

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A Woman sate in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
Would that its tone could reach the Rich !—
She sang this ' Song of the Shirt ! '

THE STARS ARE WITH THE VOYAGER

The stars are with the voyager
Wherever he may sail ;
The moon is constant to her time ;
The sun will never fail ;
But follow, follow round the world,
The green earth and the sea ;
So love is with the lover's heart,
Wherever he may be.

Wherever he may be, the stars
Must daily lose their light ;
The moon will veil her in the shade ;
The sun will set at night.
The sun may set, but constant love
Will shine when he 's away ;
So that dull night is never night,
And day is brighter day.

RUTH

She stood breast-high amid the corn,
Clasped by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush
Deeply ripened ;—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest none could tell,
But long lashes veiled a light,
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim—
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks.—

Sure, I said, heaven did not mean
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean,
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

IVRY

LORD MACAULAY (1800–1859)

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all
glories are !
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of
Navarre !
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of
dance,
Through thy cornfields green, and sunny vines, oh
pleasant land of France !
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city
of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning
daughters.

As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought
thy walls annoy.
Hurrah ! hurrah ! a single field hath turned the
chance of war,
Hurrah ! hurrah ! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

Oh ! how our hearts were beating, when, at the
dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long
array ;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel
peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's
Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of
our land ;
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon
in his hand :
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's
empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his
blood ;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the
fate of war,
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of
Navarre.

The king is come to marshal us, all in his armour
drest ;
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his
gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye ;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was
stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from
wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, ' God save our
lord the King.'

'And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may—
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme, to-day, the helmet of Navarre.'

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across St. André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies—upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding-star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his rein.
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish Count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.

And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
'Remember St. Bartholomew,' was passed from man to man;
But out spake gentle Henry: 'No Frenchman is my foe:
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go.'
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France to-day;
And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.
But we of the religion have borne us best in fight;
And the good lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet white.
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.
Up with it high; unfurl it wide; that all the host may know
How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought His church such woe.
Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest points of war,
Fling the red shreds, a foot-cloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho! matrons of Lucerne!
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls!

Ho ! gallant nobles of the League, look that your
arms be bright ;
Ho ! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and
ward to-night.
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath
raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valour
of the brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all
glories are ;
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of
Navarre.

THE ARMADA

Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England's
praise :
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in
ancient days,
When that great fleet invincible, against her bore,
in vain,
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of
Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer
day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to
Plymouth Bay ;
Her crew had seen Castile's black fleet, beyond
Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves, lie heaving many
a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial
grace ;
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close
in chase.

Forthwith a guard, at every gun, was placed along the wall ;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's lofty hall ;
Many a light fishing bark put out, to pry along the coast ;
And with loose rein, and bloody spur, rode inland many a post.

With his white hair, unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes,
Behind him march the halberdiers, before him sound the drums :
His yeomen, round the market cross, make clear an ample space,
For there behoves him to set up the standard of her Grace :
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.
Look how the lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down !
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield ;
So glared he when, at Agincourt, in wrath he turned to bay,
And crushed and torn, beneath his claws, the princely hunters lay.
Ho ! strike the flagstaff deep, sir knight ! ho ! scatter flowers, fair maids !
Ho, gunners ! fire a loud salute ! ho, gallants ! draw your blades !

Thou, sun, shine on her joyously ! ye breezes, waft
her wide !
Our glorious *semper eadem !* the banner of our
pride !

The fresh'ning breeze of eve unfurled that banner's
massy fold—
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty
scroll of gold :
Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the
purple sea ;
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er
again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to
Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the
day ;
For swift to east, and swift to west, the ghastly
war-flame spread—
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone—it shone on
Beachy Head.

Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each
southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling
points of fire.
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering
waves,
The rugged miners poured to war, from Mendip's
sunless caves ;
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the
fiery herald flew,
And roused the shepherds of Stonehenge—the
rangers of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out
from Bristol town ;
And, ere the day, three hundred horse had met on
Clifton Down.

The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
And saw, o'erhanging Richmond Hill, that streak of blood-red light :
Then bugle's note, and cannon's roar, the death-like silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke ;
At once, on all her stately gates, arose the answering fires ;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires ;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear,
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer :
And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of pikes and flags dashed down each roaring street :
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in ;
And eastward straight, from wild Blackheath, the warlike errand went ;
And roused, in many an ancient hall, the gallant squires of Kent :
Southward, from Surrey's pleasant hills, flew those bright couriers forth ;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor, they started for the north ;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still ;
All night from tower to tower they sprang, they sprang from hill to hill ;
Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dales ;

Till, like volcanoes, flared to heaven the stormy
hills of Wales ;
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's
lonely height ;
Till streamed in crimson, on the wind, the Wrekin's
crest of light ;
Till, broad and fierce, the star came forth, on Ely's
stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms, o'er all the
boundless plain ;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln
sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on, o'er the wide
vale of Trent ;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's
embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers
of Carlisle.

SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER (1803–1875)

A GOOD sword and a trusty hand !
A merry heart and true !
King James's men shall understand
What Cornish lads can do.
And have they fixed the where and when ?
And shall Trelawny die ?
Here 's twenty-thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why !

Chorus A good sword, &c.

Out spake their captain brave and bold,
A merry wight was he :
' If London Tower were Michael's hold,
We'll set Trelawny free !

We'll cross the Tamar, land to land,
The Severn is no stay,—
With one and all, and hand in hand,
And who shall bid us nay ? '
Chorus A good sword, &c.

' And when we come to London Wall,
A pleasant sight to view,
Come forth ! Come forth, ye cowards all,
Here 's men as good as you.'
Trelawny he 's in keep and hold,
Trelawny he may die ;—
But here 's twenty-thousand Cornish bold
Will know the reason why ! '
Chorus A good sword, &c.

THE IRISH EMIGRANT

LADY DUFFERIN (1807–1867)

I'M sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May morning long ago,
When first you were my bride.
The corn was springing fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day 's as bright as then ;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again,
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your warm breath on my cheek,
And I still keep listening for the words
You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
The village church stands near,—
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here.
But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest,
Where I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends ;
But, oh, they love the better
The few our Father sends.
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessing and my pride ;
There 's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary kind and true,
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going to.
They say there 's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there,
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times less fair.

LADY CLARE

ALFRED TENNYSON (1809–1892)

IT was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn :
Lovers long-betroth'd were they :
They two will wed the morrow morn ;
God's blessing on the day !

'He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well,' said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, 'Who was this that went from thee?'
'It was my cousin,' said Lady Clare,
'To-morrow he weds with me.'

'O God be thank'd!' said Alice the nurse,
'That all comes round so just and fair:
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare.'

'Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse?'
Said Lady Clare, 'that ye speak so wild?'
'As God 's above,' said Alice the nurse,
'I speak the truth: you are my child.

'The old Earl's daughter died at my breast;
I speak the truth, as I live by bread!
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead.'

'Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother,' she said, 'if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due.'

'Nay now, my child,' said Alice the nurse,
'But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,
When you are man and wife.'

'If I'm a beggar born,' she said,
'I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
Pull off, pull off, the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by.'

'Nay now, my child,' said Alice the nurse,
'But keep the secret all ye can.'
She said, 'Not so: but I will know
If there be any faith in man.'

'Nay now, what faith?' said Alice the nurse,
'The man will cleave unto his right.'
'And he shall have it,' the lady replied,
'Tho' I should die to-night.'

'Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!
Alas, my child, I sinned for thee.'
'O mother, mother, mother,' she said,
'So strange it seems to me.

'Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so,
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go.'

She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare:
She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
And follow'd her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower:
'O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!
Why come you drest like a village maid,
That are the flower of the earth?'

'If I come drest like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are:
I am a beggar born,' she said,
'And not the Lady Clare.'

'Play me no tricks,' said Lord Ronald,
'For I am yours in word and in deed.
Play me no tricks,' said Lord Ronald,
'Your riddle is hard to read.'

O and proudly stood she up!
Her heart within her did not fail:
She look'd into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laugh'd a laugh of merry scorn:
He turn'd, and kiss'd her where she stood;
'If you are not the heiress born,
And I,' said he, 'the next in blood—

'If you are not the heiress born,
And I,' said he, 'the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare.'

THE LORD OF BURLEIGH

In her ear he whispers gaily,
'If my heart by signs can tell,
Maiden, I have watch'd thee daily,
And I think thou lov'st me well.'
She replies, in accents fainter,
'There is none I love like thee.'
He is but a landscape-painter,
And a village maiden she.
He to lips, that fondly falter,
Presses his without reproof:
Leads her to the village altar,
And they leave her father's roof.
'I can make no marriage present:
Little can I give my wife.
Love will make our cottage pleasant,
And I love thee more than life.'

They by parks and lodges going
See the lordly castles stand :
Summer woods, about them blowing,
Made a murmur in the land.
From deep thought himself he rouses,
Says to her that loves him well,
'Let us see these handsome houses
Where the wealthy nobles dwell.'
So she goes by him attended,
Hears him lovingly converse,
Sees whatever fair and splendid
Lay betwixt his home and hers ;
Parks with oak and chestnut shady,
Parks and order'd gardens great,
Ancient homes of lord and lady,
Built for pleasure and for state.
All he shows her makes him dearer :
Evermore she seems to gaze
On that cottage growing nearer,
Where they twain will spend their days.
O but she will love him truly !
He shall have a cheerful home ;
She will order all things duly,
When beneath his roof they come.
Thus her heart rejoices greatly,
Till a gateway she discerns
With armorial bearings stately,
And beneath the gate she turns ;
Sees a mansion more majestic
Than all those she saw before :
Many a gallant gay domestic
Bows before him at the door.
And they speak in gentle murmur,
When they answer to his call,
While he treads with footstep firmer,
Leading on from hall to hall.
And, while now she wonders blindly,
Nor the meaning can divine,

Proudly turns he round and kindly,
'All of this is mine and thine.'
Here he lives in state and bounty,
Lord of Burleigh, fair and free,
Not a lord in all the county
Is so great a lord as he.
All at once the colour flushes
Her sweet face from brow to chin :
As it were with shame she blushes,
And her spirit chang'd within.
Then her countenance all over
Pale again as death did prove :
But he clasp'd her like a lover,
And he cheer'd her soul with love.
So she strove against her weakness,
Tho' at times her spirits sank :
Shaped her heart with woman's meekness
To all duties of her rank :
And a gentle consort made he,
And her gentle mind was such
That she grew a noble lady,
And the people lov'd her much.
But a trouble weigh'd upon her,
And perplex'd her, night and morn,
With the burthen of an honour
Unto which she was not born.
Faint she grew, and ever fainter,
As she murmur'd, 'Oh, that he
Were once more that landscape-painter,
Which did win my heart from me!'
So she droop'd and droop'd before him,
Fading slowly from his side :
Three fair children first she bore him,
Then before her time she died.
Weeping, weeping late and early,
Walking up and pacing down,
Deeply mourn'd the Lord of Burleigh,
Burleigh-house by Stamford-town.

And he came to look upon her,
And he look'd at her and said,
'Bring the dress and put it on her,
That she wore when she was wed.'
Then her people, softly treading,
Bore to earth her body, drest
In the dress that she was wed in,
That her spirit might have rest.

EDWARD GRAY

Sweet Emma Moreland of yonder town
Met me walking on yonder way,
'And have you lost your heart?' she said;
'And are you married yet, Edward Gray?'

Sweet Emma Moreland spoke to me:
Bitterly weeping I turn'd away:
'Sweet Emma Moreland, love no more
Can touch the heart of Edward Gray.

'Ellen Adair she loved me well,
Against her father's and mother's will:
To-day I sat for an hour and wept,
By Ellen's grave, on the windy hill.

'Shy she was, and I thought her cold;
Thought her proud, and fled over the sea;
Fill'd I was with folly and spite,
When Ellen Adair was dying for me.

'Cruel, cruel the words I said!
Cruelly came they back to-day:
"You're too slight and fickle," I said,
"To trouble the heart of Edward Gray."

'There I put my face in the grass—
Whisper'd, "Listen to my despair:
I repent me of all I did:
Speak a little, Ellen Adair!"

'Then I took a pencil, and wrote
On the mossy stone, as I lay,
"Here lies the body of Ellen Adair;
And here the heart of Edward Gray!"

'Love may come, and love may go,
And fly, like a bird, from tree to tree:
But I will love no more, no more,
Till Ellen Adair come back to me.

'Bitterly wept I over the stone:
Bitterly weeping I turn'd away:
There lies the body of Ellen Adair!
And there the heart of Edward Gray!'

THE OWL

I

When cats run home and light is come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round,
And the whirring sail goes round;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

II

When merry milkmaids click the latch,
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch
Twice or thrice his roundelay,
Twice or thrice his roundelay:
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

ORIANA

My heart is wasted with my woe,
Oriana.
There is no rest for me below,
Oriana.

When the long dun wolds are ribb'd with snow,
And loud the Norland whirlwinds blow,
Oriana,
Alone I wander to and fro,
Oriana.

Ere the light on dark was growing,
Oriana,
At midnight the cock was crowing,
Oriana :
Winds were blowing, waters flowing,
We heard the steeds to battle going,
Oriana ;
Aloud the hollow bugle blowing,
Oriana.

In the yew-wood black as night,
Oriana,
Ere I rode into the fight,
Oriana,
While blissful tears blinded my sight
By star-shine and by moonlight,
Oriana,
I to thee my troth did plight,
Oriana.

She stood upon the castle wall,
Oriana :
She watch'd my crest among them all,
Oriana :
She saw me fight, she heard me call,
When forth there stept a foeman tall,
Oriana,
Atween me and the castle wall,
Oriana.

The bitter arrow went aside,
Oriana :
The false, false arrow went aside,
Oriana :

The damned arrow glanced aside,
And pierced thy heart, my love, my bride,
Oriana !
Thy heart, my life, my love, my bride,
Oriana !

Oh ! narrow, narrow was the space,
Oriana.
Loud, loud rung out the bugle's brays,
Oriana.
Oh ! deathful stabs were dealt apace,
The battle deepen'd in its place,
Oriana ;
But I was down upon my face,
Oriana.

They should have stabb'd me where I lay,
Oriana !
How could I rise and come away,
Oriana ?
How could I look upon the day ?
They should have stabb'd me where I lay,
Oriana—
They should have trod me into clay,
Oriana.

O breaking heart that will not break,
Oriana !
O pale, pale face so sweet and meek,
Oriana !
Thou smilest, but thou dost not speak,
And then the tears run down my cheek,
Oriana :
What wantest thou ? whom dost thou seek,
Oriana ?

I cry aloud : none hear my cries,
Oriana.
Thou comest atween me and the skies,
Oriana.

I feel the tears of blood arise
Up from my heart unto my eyes,
Oriana.
Within thy heart my arrow lies,
Oriana.

O cursèd hand ! O cursèd blow !
Oriana !
O happy thou that liest low,
Oriana !
All night the silence seems to flow
Beside me in my utter woe,
Oriana.
A weary, weary way I go,
Oriana.

When Norland winds pipe down the sea,
Oriana,
I walk, I dare not think of thee,
Oriana.
Thou liest beneath the greenwood tree,
I dare not die and come to thee,
Oriana.
I hear the roaring of the sea,
Oriana.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT

PART I

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky ;
And thro' the field the road runs by
To many-tower'd Camelot ;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses ; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
Skimming down to Camelot :
But who hath seen her wave her hand ?
Or at the casement seen her stand ?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott ?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
Down to tower'd Camelot :
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers ' 'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott.'

PART II

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care has she,
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
Winding down to Camelot:
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
Goes by to tower'd Camelot;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights,
And music, went to Camelot:
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed;
'I am half sick of shadows,' said
The Lady of Shalott.

PART III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flam'd upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot:
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armour rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot.
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
'Tirra lirra,' by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
'The curse is come upon me,' cried
The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot ;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse—
Like some bold seër in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loos'd the chain, and down she lay ;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Thro' the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot.
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot ;

For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this ? and what is here ?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer ;
And they cross'd themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camelot :
But Lancelot mused a little space ;
He said, ' She has a lovely face ;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott.'

MOVE EASTWARD, HAPPY EARTH

Move eastward, happy earth, and leave
Yon orange sunset waning slow :
From fringes of the faded eve,
O, happy planet, eastward go ;
Till over thy dark shoulder glow
Thy silver sister-world, and rise
To glass herself in dewy eyes
That watch me from the glen below.

Ah, bear me with thee, smoothly borne,
Dip forward under starry light,
And move me to my marriage-morn,
And round again to happy night.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

Break, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, O Sea !
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play !
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill ;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

THE GOOSE

I knew an old wife lean and poor,
Her rags scarce held together ;
There strode a stranger to the door,
And it was windy weather.

He held a goose upon his arm,
He utter'd rhyme and reason,
'Here, take the goose, and keep you warm,
It is a stormy season.'

She caught the white goose by the leg,
A goose—'twas no great matter.
The goose let fall a golden egg
With cackle and with clatter.

She dropt the goose, and caught the pelf
And ran to tell her neighbours ;
And bless'd herself, and curs'd herself,
And rested from her labours.

And feeding high, and living soft,
Grew plump and able-bodied ;
Until the grave churchwarden doff'd,
The parson smirk'd and nodded.

So sitting, served by man and maid,
She felt her heart grow prouder :
But ah ! the more the white goose laid
It clack'd and cackled louder.

It clutter'd here, it chuckled there ;
It stirr'd the old wife's mettle :
She shifted in her elbow-chair,
And hurl'd the pan and kettle.

'A quinsy choke thy cursèd note !'
Then wax'd her anger stronger.
'Go, take the goose, and wring her throat,
I will not bear it longer.'

Then yelp'd the cur, and yawl'd the cat ;
Ran Gaffer, stumbled Gammer.
The goose flew this way and flew that,
And fill'd the house with clamour.

As head and heels upon the floor
They flounder'd all together,
There strode a stranger to the door,
And it was windy weather :

He took the goose upon his arm,
He utter'd words of scorning ;
'So keep you cold, or keep you warm,
It is a stormy morning.'

The wild wind rang from park and plain,
And round the attics rumbled,
Till all the tables danced again,
And half the chimneys tumbled.

The glass blew in, the fire blew out,
The blast was hard and harder.
Her cap blew off, her gown blew up,
And a whirlwind clear'd the larder;

And while on all sides breaking loose
Her household fled the danger,
Quoth she, 'The Devil take the goose,
And God forget the stranger!'

SONG

I

A SPIRIT haunts the year's last hours
Dwelling amid these yellowing bowers:
To himself he talks;
For at eventide, listening earnestly,
At his work you may hear him sob and sigh
In the walks;
Earthward he boweth the heavy stalks
Of the mouldering flowers:
Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
Over its grave i' the earth so chilly;
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

II

The air is damp, and hush'd, and close,
As a sick man's room when he taketh repose
An hour before death;
My very heart faints and my whole soul grieves
At the moist rich smell of the rotting leaves,
And the breath
Of the fading edges of box beneath,
And the year's last rose.

Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
Over its grave i' the earth so chilly ;
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

AS THRO' THE LAND AT EVE WE WENT

As thro' the land at eve we went,
And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
O we fell out I know not why,
And kiss'd again with tears.
And blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love,
And kiss again with tears !
For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
O there above the little grave,
We kiss'd again with tears.

THE SPLENDOUR FALLS

The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits, old in story :
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going !
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying :
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river :
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD

Home they brought her warrior dead :
She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry :
All her maidens, watching, said,
'She must weep or she will die.'

Then they prais'd him, soft and low,
Call'd him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe ;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face ;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
'Sweet my child, I live for thee.'

THE BROOK

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance
Among my skimming swallows,
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses ;
I linger by my shingly bars ;
I loiter round my cresses ;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

SWEET AND LOW

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea !
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me ;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon ;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon ;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon :
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone ;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the rose is blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon ;
All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd
To the dancers dancing in tune ;
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, ' There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone ?
She is weary of dance and play.'
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day ;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, ' The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,
For one that will never be thine ?
But mine, but mine,' so I sware to the rose,
' For ever and ever, mine.'

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
  As the music clash'd in the hall ;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
  For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,
  Our wood, that is dearer than all ;

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
  That whenever a March-wind sighs
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
  In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet
  And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
  One long milk-bloom on the tree ;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,
  As the pimpernel dozed on the lea ;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
  Knowing your promise to me ;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
  They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
  Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
  Queen lily and rose in one ;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
  To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
  From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear ;
  She is coming, my life, my fate ;
The red rose cries, ' She is near, she is near ' ;
  And the white rose weeps, ' She is late ' ;
The larkspur listens, ' I hear, I hear ' ;
  And the lily whispers, ' I wait.'

She is coming, my own, my sweet,
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed ;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead ;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

ASK ME NO MORE

Ask me no more : the moon may draw the sea ;
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape,
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape ;
But O too fond, when have I answer'd thee ?
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more : what answer should I give ?
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye :
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die !
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live ;
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more : thy fate and mine are seal'd :
I strove against the stream and all in vain :
Let the great river take me to the main :
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield ;
Ask me no more.

THE SOLDIER

Thy voice is heard through rolling drums,
That beat to battle where he stands ;
Thy face across his fancy comes,
And gives the battle to his hands :

A moment, while the trumpets blow,
He sees his brood about thy knee ;
The next, like fire he meets the foe,
And strikes him dead for thine and thee.

NOW SLEEPS THE CRIMSON PETAL

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white ;
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk ;
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font :
The fire-fly wakens : waken thou with me.

Now droops the milkwhite peacock like a ghost,
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.

Now lies the earth all Danaë to the stars,
And all thy heart lies open unto me.

Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake :
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom and be lost in me.

A FAREWELL

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
Thy tribute wave deliver :
No more by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,
A rivulet then a river :
Nowhere by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

But here will sigh thine alder-tree,
And here thine aspen shiver ;
And here by thee will hum the bee,
For ever and for ever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee,
A thousand moons will quiver ;
But not by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

THE BEGGAR MAID

Her arms across her breast she laid ;
She was more fair than words can say :
Bare-footed came the beggar maid
Before the king Cophetua.
In robe and crown the king stept down,
To meet and greet her on her way ;
'It is no wonder,' said the lords,
'She is more beautiful than day.'

As shines the moon in clouded skies,
She in her poor attire was seen :
One praised her ankles, one her eyes,
One her dark hair and lovesome mien.
So sweet a face, such angel grace,
In all that land had never been :
Cophetua sware a royal oath :
'This beggar maid shall be my queen ! '

COME NOT, WHEN I AM DEAD

Come not, when I am dead,
To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,
To trample round my fallen head,
And vex the unhappy dust thou wouldst not save.
There let the wind sweep and the plover cry ;
But thou, go by.

Child, if it were thine error or thy crime
I care no longer, being all unblest :
Wed whom thou wilt, but I am sick of Time,
And I desire to rest.
Pass on, weak heart, and leave me where I lie :
Go by, go by.

O SWALLOW, SWALLOW

O Swallow, Swallow, flying, flying South.
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And tell her, tell her, what I tell to thee.

O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
And dark and true and tender is the North.

O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow, and light
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,
And cheep and twitter twenty million loves.

O were I thou that she might take me in,
And lay me on her bosom, and her heart
Would rock the snowy cradle till I died.

Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with love,
Delaying as the tender ash delays
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green?

O tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is flown:
Say to her, I do but wanton in the South,
But in the North long since my nest is made.

O tell her, brief is life but love is long,
And brief the sun of summer in the North,
And brief the moon of beauty in the South.

O Swallow, flying from the golden woods,
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her mine,
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER

It is the miller's daughter,
And she is grown so dear, so dear,
That I would be the jewel
That trembles at her ear:
For hid in ringlets day and night,
I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle
About her dainty dainty waist,
And her heart would beat against me,
In sorrow and in rest :
And I should know if it beat right,
I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace,
And all day long to fall and rise
Upon her balmy bosom,
With her laughter or her sighs,
And I would lie so light, so light,
I scarce should be unclasp'd at night.

LITTLE BILLEE

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY (1811–1863)

THERE were three sailors of Bristol city
Who took a boat and went to sea,

But first with beef and captain's biscuit
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billee.

Now when they got as far as the Equator
They'd nothing left but one split pea.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
'I am extremely hungaree.'

To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,
'We've nothing left ; us must eat we.'

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
'With one another we shouldn't agree !

'There 's little Bill, he 's young and tender
We're old and tough, so let 's eat he.'

'Oh, Bill, we're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the button of your chemie.'

When Bill received this information
He used his pocket handkerchie.

'First let me say my catechism,
Which my poor mammy taught to me.'

'Make haste, make haste,' says guzzling Jimmy,
While Jack pulled out his snickersnee.

So Billy went up to the main-top gallant mast,
And down he fell on his bended knee,

He scarce had come to the twelfth commandment
When up he jumps. 'There 's land I see :

'There 's Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikee :

'There 's the British flag a-riding at anchor,
With Admiral Napier, K.C.B.'

So when they got aboard of the Admiral's,
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee :

But as for little Bill, he made him
The Captain of a Seventy-three.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX

ROBERT BROWNING (1812–1889)

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he ;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three ;
'Good speed !' cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew ;
'Speed !' echoed the wall to us galloping through ;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other ; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our
place ;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting ; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear ;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see ;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be ;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half
chime,
So Joris broke silence with ' Yet there is time ! '

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent
back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track ;
And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master askance !
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and
anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned ; and cried Joris, ' Stay
spur !
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault 's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix '—for one heard the quick
wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering
knees,

And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like
chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And 'Gallop,' gasped Joris, 'for Aix is in sight!'

'How they'll greet us!' and all in a moment his
roan
Rolled neck and croup over; lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her
fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let
fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without
peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise,
bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the
ground,
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of
wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news
from Ghent.

MARCHING ALONG

I

Kentish Sir Byng stood for his King,
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing
And, pressing a troop unable to stoop
And see the rogues flourish and honest folk droop,
Marched them along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

II

God for King Charles! Pym and such carles
To the Devil that prompts 'em their treasonous parles.
Cavaliers, up! Lips from the cup,
Hands from the pasty, nor bite take nor sup
Till you're—
Marching along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

III

Hampden to hell, and his obsequies' knell
Serve Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry as well!
England, good cheer! Rupert is near!
Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here,
Marching along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song!

IV

Then, God for King Charles! Pym and his snarls
To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent carles!
Hold by the right, you double your might;
So, onward to Nottingham, fresh for the fight,
March we along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE

WILLIAM EDMONSTOUNE AYTOUN (1813–65)

COME hither, Evan Cameron !
Come, stand beside my knee—
I hear the river roaring down
Towards the wintry sea.
There 's shouting on the mountain-side,
There 's war within the blast—
Old faces look upon me,
Old forms go trooping past :
I hear the pibroch wailing
Amidst the din of fight,
And my dim spirit wakes again
Upon the verge of night.

'Twas I that led the Highland host
Through wild Lochaber's snows,
What time the plaided clans came down
To battle with Montrose.
I've told thee how the Southrons fell
Beneath the broad claymore,
And how we smote the Campbell clan
By Inverlochy's shore.
I've told thee how we swept Dundee
And tamed the Lindsay's pride ;
But never have I told thee yet
How the great Marquis died.

A traitor sold him to his foes ;
O deed of deathless shame !
I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet
With one of Assynt's name—
Be it upon the mountain's side,
Or yet within the glen,
Stand he in martial gear alone,
Or backed by armèd men—

Face him, as thou wouldst face the man
  Who wronged thy sire's renown ;
Remember of what blood thou art,
  And strike the caitiff down !

They brought him to the Watergate,
  Hard bound with hempen span,
As though they held a lion there,
  And not a fenceless man.
They set him high upon a cart—
  The hangman rode below—
They drew his hands behind his back,
  And bared his noble brow.
Then, as a hound is slipped from leash,
  They cheered the common throng,
And blew the note with yell and shout,
  And bade him pass along.

It would have made a brave man's heart
  Grow sad and sick that day,
To watch the keen malignant eyes
  Bent down on that array.
There stood the Whig west-country lords,
  In balcony and bow ;
There sat their gaunt and withered dames,
  And their daughters all a-row.
And every open window
  Was full as full might be
With black-robed Covenanting carles,
  That goodly sport to see !

But when he came, though pale and wan,
  He looked so great and high,
So noble was his manly front,
  So calm his steadfast eye ;—
The rabble rout forbore to shout,
  And each man held his breath,
For well they knew the hero's soul
  Was face to face with death.

And then a mournful shudder
Through all the people crept,
And some that came to scoff at him
Now turned aside and wept.

But onwards—always onwards,
In silence and in gloom,
The dreary pageant laboured,
Till it reached the house of doom :
Then first a woman's voice was heard
In jeer and laughter loud,
And an angry cry and a hiss arose
From the heart of the tossing crowd :
Then as the Graeme looked upwards,
He saw the ugly smile
Of him who sold his king for gold—
The master-fiend Argyle !

The Marquis gazed a moment,
And nothing did he say,
But the cheek of Argyle grew ghastly pale
And he turned his eyes away.
The painted harlot by his side,
She shook through every limb,
For a roar like thunder swept the street,
And hands were clenched at him ;
And a Saxon soldier cried aloud,
' Back, coward, from thy place !
For seven long years thou hast not dared
To look him in the face.'

Had I been there with sword in hand,
And fifty Camerons by,
That day through high Dunedin's streets
Had pealed the slogan-cry.
Not all their troops of trampling horse,
Nor might of mailèd men—
Not all the rebels of the south
Had borne us backwards then !

Once more his foot on Highland heath
Had trod as free as air,
Or I, and all who bore my name,
Been laid around him there!

It might not be. They placed him next
Within the solemn hall,
Where once the Scottish kings were throned
Amidst their nobles all.
But there was dust of vulgar feet
On that polluted floor,
And perjured traitors filled the place
Where good men sate before.
With savage glee came Warristoun
To read the murderous doom;
And then uprose the great Montrose
In the middle of the room.

'Now by my faith as belted knight,
And by the name I bear,
And by the bright Saint Andrew's cross
That waves above us there—
Yea, by a greater, mightier oath—
And oh, that such should be!—
By that dark stream of royal blood
That lies 'twixt you and me—
I have not sought in battle-field
A wreath of such renown,
Nor dared I hope on my dying day
To win the martyr's crown!

'There is a chamber far away
Where sleep the good and brave,
But a better place ye have named for me
Than by my father's grave.
For truth and right, 'gainst treason's might,
This hand hath always striven,
And ye raise it up for a witness still
In the eye of earth and heaven.

Then nail my head on yonder tower—
Give every town a limb—
And God who made shall gather them :
I go from you to Him ! '

The morning dawned full darkly,
The rain came flashing down,
And the jagged streak of the levin-bolt
Lit up the gloomy town :
The thunder crashed across the heaven,
The fatal hour was come ;
Yet ay broke in with muffled beat,
The 'larum of the drum.
There was madness on the earth below,
And anger in the sky,
And young and old, and rich and poor,
Came forth to see him die.

Ah, God ! that ghastly gibbet !
How dismal 'tis to see
The great tall spectral skeleton,
The ladder and the tree !
Hark ! hark ! it is the clash of arms—
The bells begin to toll—
' He is coming ! he is coming !
God's mercy on his soul ! '
One last long peal of thunder—
The clouds are cleared away,
And the glorious sun once more looks down
Amidst the dazzling day.

' He is coming ! he is coming ! '
Like a bridegroom from his room,
Came the hero from his prison
To the scaffold and the doom.
There was glory on his forehead,
There was lustre in his eye,
And he never walked to battle
More proudly than to die :

There was colour in his visage,
Though the cheeks of all were wan,
And they marvelled as they saw him pass,
That great and goodly man!

He mounted up the scaffold,
And he turned him to the crowd;
But they dared not trust the people,
So he might not speak aloud.
But he looked upon the heavens,
And they were clear and blue,
And in the liquid ether
The eye of God shone through!
Yet a black and murky battlement
Lay resting on the hill,
As though the thunder slept within—
All else was calm and still.

The grim Geneva ministers
With anxious scowl drew near,
As you have seen the ravens flock
Around the dying deer.
He would not deign them word nor sigh,
But alone he bent the knee;
And veiled his face for Christ's dear grace
Beneath the gallows-tree.
Then radiant and serene he rose,
And cast his cloak away:
For he had ta'en his latest look
Of earth and sun and day.

A beam of light fell o'er him,
Like a glory round the shriven,
And he climbed the lofty ladder
As it were the path to heaven.
Then came a flash from out the cloud,
And a stunning thunder-roll;
And no man dared to look aloft,
For fear was on every soul.

There was another heavy sound,
A hush and then a groan ;
And darkness swept across the sky—
The work of death was done !

GREEN FIELDS OF ENGLAND

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH (1819–1861)

GREEN fields of England ! wheresoe'er
Across this watery waste we fare,
Your image at our hearts we bear,
Green fields of England, everywhere.

Sweet eyes in England, I must flee
Past where the wave's last confines be,
Ere your loved smile I cease to see,
Sweet eyes in England, dear to me.

Dear home in England, safe and fast
If but in thee my lot lie cast,
The past shall seem a nothing past
To thee, dear home, if won at last ;
Dear home in England, won at last.

THE SANDS OF DEE

CHARLES KINGSLEY (1819–1875)

'O, MARY, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee' ;
The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see.
The rolling mist came down and hid the land :
And never home came she.

'Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair,
A tress of golden hair,
A drownèd maiden's hair
Above the nets at sea?'
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes of Dee.

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea:
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee.

IT WAS EARL HALDAN'S DAUGHTER

I

It was Earl Haldan's daughter,
She looked across the sea;
She looked across the water,
And long and loud laughed she:
'The locks of six princesses
Must be my marriage fee,
So hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat!
Who comes a-wooing me?'

II

It was Earl Haldan's daughter,
She walked along the sand;
When she was aware of a knight so fair,
Came sailing to the land.
His sails were all of velvet,
His mast of beaten gold,
And 'Hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat!
Who saileth here so bold?'

III

'The locks of five princesses
I won beyond the sea;
I clipt their golden tresses,
To fringe a cloak for thee.
One handful yet is wanting,
But one of all the tale;
So hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat!
Furl up thy velvet sail!'

IV

He leapt into the water,
That rover young and bold;
He gript Earl Haldan's daughter,
He clipt her locks of gold;
'Go weep, go weep, proud maiden,
The tale is full to-day.
Now hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat!
Sail Westward ho away!'

THREE FISHERS

Three fishers went sailing out into the west,
Out into the west, as the sun went down,
Each thought of the woman who loved him best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there 's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbour-bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown;

But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbour-bar be moaning.

Three corpses lie out on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam, as the tide goes down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come home to the town.
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it 's over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

KEITH OF RAVELSTON

SYDNEY THOMPSON DOBELL (1824–1874)

THE murmur of the mourning ghost
That keeps the shadowy kine ;—
'Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line !'

Ravelston, Ravelston,
The merry path that leads
Down the golden morning hill
And through the silver meads ;

Ravelston, Ravelston,
The stile beneath the tree,
The maid that kept her mother's kine,
The song that sang she !

She sang her song, she kept her kine,
She sat beneath the thorn,
When Andrew Keith of Ravelston
Rode through the Monday morn.

His henchmen sing, his hawk-bells ring,
His belted jewels shine !—
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line !

Year after year, where Andrew came,
Comes evening down the glade ;
And still there sits a moonshine ghost
Where sat the sunshine maid.

Her misty hair is faint and fair,
She keeps the shadowy kine ;—
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line !

I lay my hand upon the stile,
The stile is lone and cold ;
The burnie that goes babbling by
Says naught that can be told.

Yet, stranger ! here, from year to year,
She keeps her shadowy kine ;—
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line !

Step out three steps, where Andrew stood—
Why blanch thy cheeks for fear ?
The ancient stile is not alone,
'Tis not the burn I hear !

She makes her immemorial moan,
She keeps her shadowy kine ;—
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line !

SISTER HELEN

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI (1828–82)

'WHY did you melt your waxen man,
Sister Helen ?
To-day is the third since you began.'
'The time was long, yet the time ran,
Little brother.'
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Three days to-day, between Hell and Heaven !)

'But if you have done your work aright,
Sister Helen,
You'll let me play, for you said I might.'
'Be very still in your play to-night,
Little brother.'
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Third night, to-night, between Hell and Heaven!)

'You said it must melt ere vesper-bell,
Sister Helen;
If now it be molten, all is well.'
'Even so,—nay, peace! you cannot tell,
Little brother.'
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
O what is this, between Hell and Heaven?)

'Oh the waxen knave was plump to-day,
Sister Helen;
How like dead folk he has dropped away!'
'Nay now, of the dead what can you say,
Little brother?'
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
What of the dead, between Hell and Heaven?)

'See, see, the sunken pile of wood,
Sister Helen,
Shines through the thinned wax red as blood!'
'Nay now, when looked you yet on blood,
Little brother?'
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
How pale she is, between Hell and Heaven!)

'Now close your eyes, for they're sick and sore,
Sister Helen,
And I'll play without the gallery door.'
'Aye, let me rest,—I'll lie on the floor,
Little brother.'
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
What rest to-night, between Hell and Heaven?)

'Here high up in the balcony,
Sister Helen,
The moon flies face to face with me.'
'Aye, look and say whatever you see,
Little brother.'
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
What sight to-night, between Hell and Heaven?)

'Outside it's merry in the wind's wake,
Sister Helen;
In the shaken trees the chill stars shake.'
'Hush, heard you a horse-tread as you spake,
Little brother?'
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
What sound to-night, between Hell and Heaven?)

'I hear a horse-tread, and I see,
Sister Helen,
Three horsemen that ride terribly.'
'Little brother, whence come the three,
Little brother?'
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Whence should they come, between Hell and Heaven?)

'They come by the hill-verge from Boyne Bar,
Sister Helen,
And one draws nigh, but two are afar.'
'Look, look, do you know them who they are,
Little brother?'
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Who should they be, between Hell and Heaven?)

'Oh, it's Keith of Eastholm rides so fast,
Sister Helen,
For I know the white mane on the blast.'
'The hour has come, has come at last,
Little brother!'
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Her hour at last, between Hell and Heaven!)

'He has made a sign and called Halloo!
Sister Helen,
And he says that he would speak with you.'
'Oh tell him I fear the frozen dew,
Little brother.'
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Why laughs she thus, between Hell and Heaven?)

'The wind is loud, but I hear him cry,
Sister Helen,
That Keith of Ewern's like to die.'
'And he and thou, and thou and I,
Little brother.'
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
And they and we, between Hell and Heaven!)

'For three days now he has lain abed,
Sister Helen,
And he prays in torment to be dead.'
'The thing may chance, if he have prayed,
Little brother!'
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
If he have prayed, between Hell and Heaven!)

'But he has not ceased to cry to-day,
Sister Helen,
That you should take your curse away.'
'*My* prayer was heard,—he need but pray,
Little brother!'
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Shall God not hear, between Hell and Heaven?)

'But he says, till you take back your ban,
Sister Helen,
His soul would pass, yet never can.'
'Nay then, shall I slay a living man,
Little brother?'
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
A living soul, between Hell and Heaven!)

'But he calls for ever on your name,
Sister Helen,
And says that he melts before a flame.'
'My heart for his pleasure fared the same,
Little brother.'
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Fire at the heart, between Hell and Heaven!)

'Here's Keith of Westholm riding fast,
Sister Helen,
For I know the white plume on the blast.'
'The hour, the sweet hour I forecast,
Little brother!'
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Is the hour sweet, between Hell and Heaven?)

'He stops to speak, and he stills his horse,
Sister Helen;
But his words are drowned in the wind's course.'
'Nay hear, nay hear, you must hear perforce,
Little brother!'
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
A word ill heard, between Hell and Heaven!)

'Oh he says that Keith of Ewern's cry,
Sister Helen,
Is ever to see you ere he die.'
'He sees me in earth, in moon and sky,
Little brother!'
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Earth, moon and sky, between Hell and Heaven!)

'He sends a ring and a broken coin,
Sister Helen,
And bids you mind the banks of Boyne.'
'What else he broke will he ever join,
Little brother?'
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Oh, never more, between Hell and Heaven!)

'He yields you these and craves full fain,
Sister Helen,
You pardon him in his mortal pain.'
'What else he took will he give again,
Little brother?'
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
No more, no more, between Hell and Heaven!)

'He calls your name in an agony,
Sister Helen,
That even dead Love must weep to see.'
'Hate, born of Love, is blind as he,
Little brother!'
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Love turned to hate, between Hell and Heaven!)

'Oh it 's Keith of Keith now that rides fast,
Sister Helen,
For I know the white hair on the blast.'
'The short short hour will soon be past,
Little brother!'
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Will soon be past, between Hell and Heaven!)

'He looks at me and he tries to speak,
Sister Helen,
But oh! his voice is sad and weak!'
'What here should the mighty Baron seek,
Little brother?'
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Is this the end, between Hell and Heaven?)

'Oh his son still cries, if you forgive,
Sister Helen,
The body dies but the soul shall live.'
'Fire shall forgive me as I forgive,
Little brother!'
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
As she forgives, between Hell and Heaven!)

'Oh he prays you, as his heart would rive,
Sister Helen,
To save his dear son's soul alive.'
'Nay, flame cannot slay it, it shall thrive,
Little brother!'
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Alas, alas, between Hell and Heaven!)

'He cries to you, kneeling in the road,
Sister Helen,
To go with him for the love of God!'
'The way is long to his son's abode,
Little brother.'
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
The way is long, between Hell and Heaven!)

'O Sister Helen, you heard the bell,
Sister Helen!
More loud than the vesper-chime it fell.'
'No vesper-chime, but a dying knell,
Little brother!'
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
His dying knell, between Hell and Heaven!)

'Alas! but I fear the heavy sound,
Sister Helen;
Is it in the sky or in the ground?'
'Say, have they turned their horses round,
Little brother?'
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
What would she more, between Hell and Heaven?)

'They have raised the old man from his knee,
Sister Helen,
And they ride in silence hastily.'
'More fast the naked soul doth flee,
Little brother!'
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
The naked soul, between Hell and Heaven!)

'Oh the wind is sad in the iron chill,
Sister Helen,
And weary sad they look by the hill.'
'But Keith of Ewern's sadder still,
Little brother!'
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Most sad of all, between Hell and Heaven!)

'See, see, the wax has dropped from its place,
Sister Helen,
And the flames are winning up apace!'
'Yet here they burn but for a space,
Little brother!'
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Here for a space, between Hell and Heaven!)

'Ah! what white thing at the door has cross'd,
Sister Helen?
Ah! what is this that sighs in the frost?'
'A soul that's lost as mine is lost,
Little brother!'
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Lost, lost, all lost, between Hell and Heaven!)

A BIRTHDAY

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI (1830–94)

My heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a watered shoot;
My heart is like an apple-tree
Whose boughs are bent with thickset fruit;
My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in a halcyon sea;
My heart is gladder than all these,
Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down ;
Hang it with vair and purple dyes ;
Carve it in doves, and pomegranates,
And peacocks with a hundred eyes ;
Work it in gold and silver grapes,
In leaves, and silver fleurs-de-lys ;
Because the birthday of my life
Is come, my love is come to me.

WHEN I AM DEAD

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me ;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree :
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet ;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain ;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain :
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember
And haply may forget.

GOD SAVE THE KING

HENRY CAREY (–1743)

GOD save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

O Lord our God, arise !
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall !
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks ;
On Thee our hopes we fix—
God save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign !
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing, with heart and voice,
God save the King !

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